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THE LAND OF
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ELSEWHERE.

BY "GIPSY"

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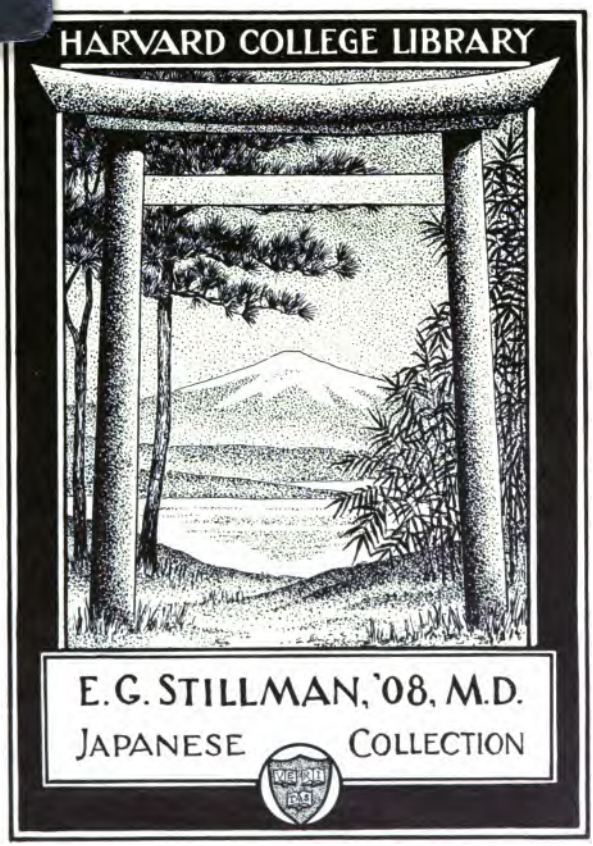

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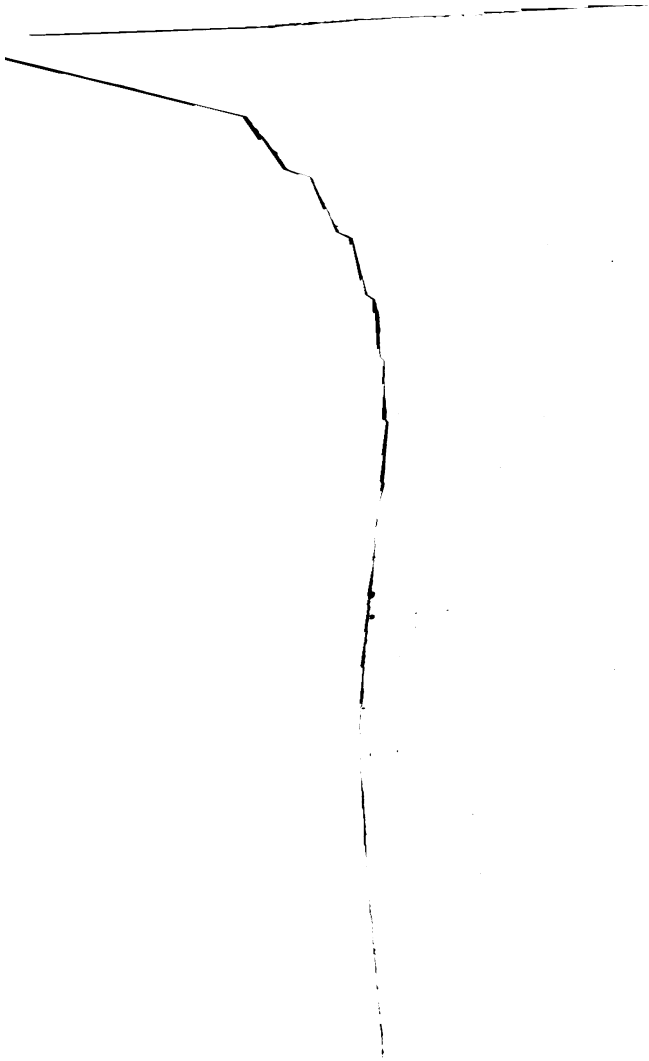

BENTEN-DORI, YOKOHAMA.

TO JEIH PUN

The Land of

3850 Islands

And Elsewhere

By "Gipsy"

(J. P. Clarke)

Aberdeen :
Printed at the Aberdeen Daily Journal Office
1907

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Dedication.

To my readers, who, after all, are the people who will make or mar this booklet, I dedicate the contents, reminding them that yarn is an essential in fabrication, either woven or narrated. Mill yarns are highly coloured; those spun at sea much more so!

PREFACE.

I HAVE found pleasure in my short hours of relaxation in jotting down my recollections of a most delightful journey to and through a land which, while not exactly flowing with milk and honey, has much that is good and beautiful to be found in it. As more or less of a simple diary I offer it to my readers, not as a specimen of literary effort, but rather in the playful spirit of one who would be glad if he could direct the faint rays from his candle of fun to shine for even a few moments upon them, and if there be born between the covers of this book a single smile, or be created a slight interest in this wonderful country, the labourer will feel himself more than repaid.

J. P. C. ("GIPSY.")

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN,
January, 1907.

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TO JEIH PUN,

The Land of 3850 Islands.

CHAPTER I.

We left the Royal Albert Docks, London, by a well-known steamer, not by any means an ocean racer, but a good, solid boat, carrying over 5500 tons of cargo and 20 passengers—a boat that makes the voyage to Japan, exclusive of detention in the six or seven ports touched at, in about 50 days. We had neither a band on board nor were we served daily with a 12-course dinner, but the writer, who has experience both of voyages by the great ocean liners and also by the humbler tramp boats, wished for once to strike the happy medium and try what might be termed an intermediate steamer. Our captain was a true seaman of over 30 years' experience; a typical sailor, quiet and unobtrusive, but with a fund of dry humour and the happy knack of saying the right thing at the

right moment—especially to the ladies. The remainder of the officers were first-rate fellows, and harmony reigned supreme. Our crew were all Chinese—wiry, hard-working fellows, and their antics during the voyage, especially when eating and while at their ablutions, caused immense amusement to those who had not seen them before. While at meals they seem to prefer to collect in groups, and, squatting down in a circle of five or six with a bowl of rice among them, they shovel the rice into their mouths with chop sticks at a furious rate, and sometimes it is accompanied by small dishes of various condiments, preserved fish, etc.

I remember when a boy on my various visits to the London Zoo the delight I experienced in watching the monkeys washing their faces, and it is not exaggeration to say that to see a Chinaman at the same job is bound to remind one of these monkeys. He squats down, and bringing his head between his knees, throws up the water from a bucket on the ground in front of him. Although their appearance scarcely justifies the remark—owing largely to their yellow skin—they really are very fairly clean in their person, and take great pride in their hair, frequently washing and dressing their pigtails. On a long voyage such as we are taking, the supply

of fresh drinking and washing water has to be jealously guarded, and I found that all the tanks were kept under lock and key, and the ship's carpenter twice daily superintended the issue of water to the stewards, cooks, and crew, otherwise I was informed that if left to John Chinaman's tender mercies there would be no water after a few days. They like to wash when they come off every watch, and I doubt if a British crew would be so particular. With the exception of the officers and engineers, chief steward, and carpenter, the entire remainder were Chinese. To ship a crew a master has to be particular that, in the case of Chinamen, they all come from the same province. In such a vast country as China there are numerous tribes, differing largely not only in dialect but in habits and customs, and cases have been known where in a mixed Chinese crew severe quarrelling and fighting, and even bloodshed have taken place. We had on board a sufficient armoury, but, of course, in case of trouble we should have been largely outnumbered. Our crew were entirely Cantonese.

The voyage from London round and along the English Channel was uneventful, but on the second night out we ran into a nasty fog when nearing Ushant Island, the north-westerly point of the coast of

France—that point which is the dread of all careful navigators. I was about to turn in when I heard the captain ring "half speed," so I went out into the darkness to see if the flash light on Ushant, which on a clear night can be seen 30 to 40 miles away, was to be observed. We ought to have seen it, and were in position to do so in the ordinary course, but nothing was to be seen. After waiting about three-quarters of an hour I turned in, but having previously been rather badly wrecked on one occasion on the south coast of Newfoundland, I took the precaution to lie down partly dressed, and finally fell asleep, only to be awakened a couple of hours later by the frequent sounding of our foghorn and the changing of the vessel's speed from full to half speed, and on occasions to dead slow. Three times also I heard the reply fog signal of passing vessels. In the morning I found that the captain had been on the bridge the entire night, and he told me that once, when we were going dead slow, we came in a moment on a small steam trawler, and passed close enough to throw a pebble on board. The skipper of the little boat sang out to our captain, "A nasty night to be about!" with the greatest "sang froid," almost as much as to say, "I'm sorry you did not ram me, I'm well in-

sured, my trawler is an old one, and if you had come a bit closer and touched me I might have got a new one." And so we passed the grave of the magnificent Union Castle liner Drummond Castle, which here foundered and went down with her saloon passengers in evening dress after a ball which had been held on board that night.

From this point to the coast of Spain we had lovely weather—a blue sky and scorching sun, but at night, after the heat of the day, we once or twice ran into banks of fog, out of which we emerged in ten minutes or so. These were caused by the effect of the sun raising the temperature of the sea, and then at cooler sunset the fog came off the water. We ran through shoals of porpoises disporting themselves in the water and following the steamer. It was interesting to watch then jump some three or four feet out of the water, and then, having apparently looked round to see what was doing, they would chase after our steamer and each other as playfully as kittens.

The last 14 hours we have passed close off the Spanish and Portuguese coast, first between the small island known to British seamen as The Burlings and Peniche on the Portuguese mainland, and afterwards Cape St Vincent, that bold,

rugged cliff, the most south-westerly point of Portugal. All these three points have magnificent lighthouses and powerful lights. We have been favoured with a three-quarter moon, and by the time we get into the Mediterranean we shall have a full moon. What a lovely sight is clear moonlight at sea on a calm night, the ever-changing colours on the rippling water often showing a phosphorescent glow as the steamer cuts through the water! To sit up on the bows of the boat as we calmly glide along and look over the vast expanse of water, with, perhaps, dotted here and there the lights of other vessels, and to realise that perhaps in a few hours the entire scene may be changed and we may be battling with a fierce raging gale, brings very closely home to one the knowledge of the limitation of man's power, and that for good or evil we are but in God's hands.

It is interesting to watch the passengers who are making their first long voyage at sea. I remember my own maiden voyage. There are certain sensations, impressions, surprises, delights, incident to a maiden voyage that cannot be duplicated upon any other. Besides, a long list of questions, charming in their very perplexity, are once for all answered, and a handful of problems are once for all solved. For

example—What will life on a vessel be like? How will the ocean appear? Shall I be seasick? Shall I be scared in a storm? How shall I as a lone stranger ever meet with anyone? What shall I do all day long? Will anything happen to break the monotony? Finally, What is the "thrill" I have heard of that comes with the sighting of land?

It is wonderful how readily one makes acquaintance on board ship. There is an old saying that "to know people you must live with them," and this intimate acquaintance and this elbow intercourse through a voyage is "living" at close range indeed. The leadership which on land takes years to develop asserts itself here in as many hours. Inside of a couple of days one man becomes the acknowledged clown of the company, one clergyman its priest and confessor, one lady the belle of the boat, and so on.

Most people are disappointed when they start to cross the ocean for the first time. They expect to meet billows everywhere and all the time, and see these "breaking in all their majesty" and all that. So did I the first voyage I took, which happened to be across the Atlantic, but I well remember that for five days out of the seven there was not a wave in sight, and save for that mysterious swell which makes a

vessel sometimes pitch and sometimes roll, the water was as placid as a mill pond. At first the only noticeable pecularity about it is its mysterious blue colour, the reason for which has not yet been made clear even by scientists. As the days go by, however, a sense of mystery comes over one at the unknown possibilities of danger lurking in this mighty expanse, and a weird feeling of personal pettiness. The endless, barren waste of so much water at length creates a feeling almost amounting to repulsion; yet even this feeling is relieved by the thought expressed one day by an old woman in the steerage that "it is really good for once in a lifetime to see something that there is enough of."

It is surprising how many things come in sight day after day. Half a dozen times, and maybe more, every day a ship heaves in sight, and sometimes one sees a whale—a great monster creature; it is only when seen playing thus at home that his size can be realised. Sometimes one sees small schools of flying fish and birds of peculiar form and plumage, and once, and only once, we saw one of those most suggestively sad spectacles.— a great, deserted, drifting derelict.

It is hard to realise at sea that one is far from land. One has the feeling all the time that it is "just over there." The

shape of the horizon, too, attracts attentention. Instead of being as it is on land —a straight line, it is here a circle. Even more surprising is the fact that the circle is so small. From the height of the ship's deck you can see not more than a dozen to 20 miles, which means that all the water drops from view outside a diameter of about 25 to 30 miles. Standing on deck and looking ahead another curious impression is that one is always "going uphill." The sun itself is a surprising sight, and it is worth while to get up early and see it as it rises like a great ball of fire out of the water.

It is a thrilling experience the first real storm at sea. On land a storm is associated in one's mind with thunder, lightning, clouds, and rain; but at sea a storm is sometimes merely the presence of high waves, and these in turn are caused merely by wind. Therefore there may be a high sea without any of those four things, and conversely all these may be present and yet the sea may be smooth. Oftentimes the very roughest storm to ride in and, incidentally, by far the most glorious to watch, is a storm in clear sunlight.

With the storm comes also the "mal de mer." There is one real source of comfort to anyone who is seasick in a storm—the oldest captain will assure the sickest pas-

sengers that they need not be ashamed, because this is "the worst storm he has ever known." There is really neither credit nor discredit in escaping or experiencing the trouble. It comes on like home sickness, without rhyme or reason; and, like poverty, is no disgrace, but only inconvenient. It is like having the toothache, for which one never gets a due amount of sympathy. Nobody, I suppose, ever died really and solely from sea sickness, although many have longed to; for there are three stages through which sufferers pass in every such attack. First, they are afraid they will die; then they don't care whether they die or not; lastly, they are so sick that they want to die, and are only afraid that they won't.

From every side on every day of every voyage one hears the expression, "How quickly the time flies." This is the more surprising since, before starting, the prospect of several weeks doing nothing seemed an endless period, but it is just this enforced laziness that constitutes the real benefit of ocean voyages. Out of sight and touch of everything, people who are overworked and restless when at home find the first chance in their lives to be lazy with a good conscience. It is interesting to watch men pass whole days without the distraction of even their daily

paper; to see fussy women sit by the hour calmly discussing subjects which at home would bore them; in short, to learn, all of them, once for all, the lesson that "your strength is to sit still." At night it is weird to hear the "look-out" man placed in the bows of the ship singing out every now and again, "All's well." On this ship, as our "look-out" man is Chinese, it sounds something like this, "Alle isa welle, oh."

We have, after a somewhat rough night through the Straits of Gibraltar, come alongside the Rock of Gibraltar — that magnificent fortress and stronghold of England. We arrived at sunrise, almost before some of the lights on the Rock had been extinguished, and the sight was indeed very grand. It was the first time one had an opportunity of seeing the Union Jack floating in the breeze since we left England, except, of course, our own ship's flag, and it reminded one, especially coming just after we had passed through Trafalgar Bay, of Great Britain's well-nigh unassailable strength in the Mediterranean, with again, and but a short distance off, our little garrison island of Malta. I might have called this little descriptive account of my tour "Following the British Flag," as if I decide to continue my tour from Japan to the

United States and Canada, and return thence to England, I shall have been able truly to do so under the British flag, which flies at the Straits Settlements, Hong-Kong, and again in Canada.

Soon we see the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains, and the effect of the snow, seen under a scorching sun and intense heat, reminds one of the Swiss mountains. Soon we steer south-east towards the coast of Morocco, which we follow along towards Algiers, and thence hug the north shores of Africa. We see the coast under the most perfect conditions—a cloudless, deep blue sky, a bright sun, the still, blue waters of the Mediterranean all combining to give one that feeling of perfect rest and tranquillity as we lie about in deck chairs. It is too hot to enter into any deck games or to walk about much. One has to keep in the shade as far as possible under the canvas awnings. It is but a foretaste of what is before us in the Red Sea. We can, through our glasses, just distinguish the palm trees growing along the coast of Algiers. Soon, and as night comes on, we sight the flash revolving light at Cape Caxine, and when abeam of it the cluster of twinkling lights of the town of Algiers is observed. It is a fine sight this city of fully 120,000 inhabitants, and the lights

extend from down at the water's edge right back up the hillside. This is French territory, and in place of the Union Jack we have the Blue, White, and Red. We miss the Union Jack that we saw floating over that fortified fragment of British Empire a thousand miles away from other British soil—Gibraltar. There nothing is left undone to impress all and sundry with the tremendous power symbolised by the British flag. Sentries meet the eye at every turn, everything is ordered under military rule, sketching and photographing are tabooed, and passes—only to be obtained under stringent conditions—are necessary before we may ascend the Rock itself. Above all, the gates are locked at nightfall with as much circumspection as ever prevailed in medieval castle. The ceremony of conveying the keys from the Governor's residence to the gates and back is known as "St Peter's March," in allusion to the Apostle who has charge of the keys of heaven. "St Peter's March" is emblematic of the motto, "'What we have we'll hold." And, all the time, a short way across the Bay, at Algeciras, in Spain, is waiting to come into his own the regularly appointed Spanish Governor of Gibraltar "during the 'temporary' occupation of the British," as his official title quaintly runs.

I have been amusing myself this afternoon by closely watching the movements of our Chinese crew and comparing them with the sailormen of other nations with whom I have sailed. The Chinaman is undoubtedly a very fine sailor, but as an officer I should not think he is worth a bag of ship's biscuits. The German is always half a soldier; the rest of him is made up of longshoreman, sailor, and—thirst. The Dane makes an ideal seaman, and in the fo'castle is hard to beat. He is honest and reliable, brave and steady. The Dutchman is the safest fellow in the world to sail under—in a fog. He is too slow even to run into that. The Frenchman is a better soldier than a sailor. In times of emergency he is apt to lose his head. The Jap is a fine sailor, no matter what part of the ship he is in. He is going to prove the Briton's most formidable rival. But, take the British sailors, fore and aft; they are the best afloat, though maybe often gruff and often surly. They will face dangers at sea when foreigners would scuttle over the side, and when it comes to taking to the boats it is—passengers first! As to the American sailor, he thinks he owns the earth—on the bridge and off it.

Yet, notwithstanding these remarks, I feel very strongly indeed that in the years

to come, and not far off either, we have to face more especially the German, the Jap, and the American, as our most formidable rivals in over-seas markets. This is a question that affects every man in Great Britain very closely, be he employer or employee, and the person that will not take a sane interest in affairs that help to feed him has not been blessed by the Almighty with a head. The top of him is only a hat rack.

We soon reach the coast of Tunis, and pass that growing and thoroughly Oriental-looking town—Bizerta, which promises soon to outrival Tunis city itself as an export town for North African products. There are many islets all along this part of the coast which, although well supplied with lighthouses and good lights, in which the French excel, are troublesome in gales and foggy weather, and many ships have met their doom here. With us the weather continues superb—sun by day, a full moon by night, and a cloudless sky. The ship begins to assume quite the appearance of having been—which, of course, she is—specially fitted out for the East. Large American cotton awnings are now spread from bow to stern to ward off the great heat of the sun from the decks. Even some of our Eastern friends in the fo'castle now look as if they felt it.

We have passed the Island of Malta, or, I should say, the Islands of Malta, Gozo, and Comino. There are few of us at home who are aware that in reality there are these three islands and not only one which is known as Malta. Why, Gozo is nine miles long itself, and has a population of over 20,000; the population of Malta being over 170,000, Valetta, its chief town, having over 80,000. These three islands are, as is well known, British, and again we see the Union Jack. What a lovely climate and what produce—wheat, red clover, potatoes, egg and blood oranges, figs, cactus, etc., etc. We shall see no land now for about three days; then Damietta and Port Said, where we stop to coal and spend some hours ashore. I had a conversation with a Chinaman to-day who I should think would be about 40 years of age, but it is very difficult to gauge a Chinaman's age—sometimes when 30 they look 60, and vice versa. I asked him if he was married, and he said—"Oh, good fashion married; fine piecee second-hand wife; me pay 50 dollars for this piecee, but she no pappa, so 50 dollars come back again with wife. No. 1 first wife me pay father 100 dollars, and lose 100 dollars and wife too; she die; but now nice fashion married fine second-hand widow wife." He had been married before and so had she. China-

men do not respect their wives so much as Japanese, and look upon them more or less as a necessary evil, and in many cases their marriages are arranged for them by their parents. Chinese venerate their parents, and consider them in their old age much more than they consider their wives. All their spare cash goes not to their wives but to their parents, more especially perhaps to their mothers. If you ask a Chinese sailor if he has left some of his money at home with his wife, he will probably answer you and say—"What for wifie? Me got mother, father, and sister. What fashion give dollars to wifie?"

Arriving at Port Said we had to take on coal, as our next stop of any length was Penang, about 18 days' steaming, so we had about eight hours ashore. Coaling operations at Port Said are wonderfully quickly got over. Hundreds of tons of coal are carried on board from lighters by an army of Arabs in an incredibly short time. During these operations it is most advisable for all passengers to land and thus escape the coal dust. Port Said has been described as "hell upon earth," and there is no doubt that it has a very seamy side to it. The population is very cosmopolitan, Egyptian and Arab predominating, and there are a large number of French and English residents. We were

a party of four, and on landing placed ourselves in the hands of an Egyptian dragoman or guide. We did this for two reasons—first, that we wanted to see as much as possible in the short time at our disposal, and, secondly, that we had several purchases to make, and our guide assured us that he would be able to obtain everything for us at the various shops very much cheaper than we could, by accompanying us to the places and bargaining for us. But, alas! our experience was an eye-opener. Every penny saved eventually by various circuitous routes reached our guide's pocket. Our boatman, a pure-bred Egyptian, by name "Tommy Thomson," proved an equally adept thief, and when we offered him 5s in place of our legal boat hire of 2s, he called down on our heads the curse of every god that was handy. We helped to polish the floor of the mosque with the basket-work over-shoes they give you to prevent the sacrilege of an English "Phiteesi" boot coming into contact with the floor. In the shops there appears to be an immense amount of elasticity about the prices of the goods, and it seems to be a continuance of bargaining from beginning to end. The finest building we visited was the Roman Catholic Church, the architecture and internal decorations of which are worth seeing. Steaming

down the Suez Canal from Port Said takes about 12 to 16 hours at the least, and sometimes 20 hours. A speed of only 5 knots an hour is allowed, and many delays are sometimes occasioned by reason of the fact that when two steamers meet one has to stop and tie up at the side while the other passes. This causes a delay of from 15 to 30 minutes each time. Many boats are, as a rule, privileged, and other steamers have to give way to them and tie up. As we had 25 tons of explosives on board, we had, to prevent the possibility of collision and the serious results that might arise, to tie up for every steamer we met, and this meant six stoppages and 21 hours to get through the Canal.

CHAPTER II.

At Suez we parted with the Canal pilot, and after a short delay got under weigh for an 18 days' run to Penang and Singapore—Straits Settlements. Entering the mouth of the Red Sea, we came on a Russian steamer that had preceded us from Port Said and succeeeded in running ashore about a couple of miles from where we passed her. She appeared to be high and dry on the sands—the tide was by this time low, and as she was so close to Suez we did not stop or offer her assistance. I asked a Chinaman what size he thought she was, and after gazing awhile at her, he said shortly—"Only 1500; just one piecee puff-puff, two piecee bamboo" (1500 tons, one smoke stack, two masts).

The heat now becomes intense, and we arrange not only to sleep but to have meals on deck.

Going through the Suez Canal is not interesting, simply a continuance of a barren, sandy waste stretching back for miles from both banks of the Canal. Now and again the house of the superintendent of the "tie up" stations, perhaps a few camels, a dredger at work, and a few

workmen sorting up the banks of the Canal were all that were to be seen.

I made the journey at about the hottest time of the year, and certainly one gains a lot of experience on a maiden voyage to the East of the effects of semi-tropical heat —on our trip those who knew, described it as really tropical. When about 200 miles south of Suez the wind, which up to this point had been a fairly strong breeze from the north, thus helping us a trifle on our journey, gradually subsided, and hardly any air either from the bows or from the stern of the steamer blew over the decks. We all became limp and languid. Resort to fans was more or less useless, as what air there was, was quite hot. Our fourth day and night in the Red Sea were acknowledged by all those on board who knew Red Sea weather as a record. I slept on deck, my night attire consisting of a cholera belt and a thin suit of pyjamas. I started the night with a rug over me, but this was soon discarded, and I passed a sleepless night in the garments I have mentioned, with a towel beside me with which I was obliged now and again to mop my face, head, and body, as I became and continued to be wet through with perspiration. Truly a Turkish bath! It is wonderful how such an intense heat—the sea water itself being

not less than 86 deg.—affects a constitution unaccustomed to it. An intense thirst of course assailed us all, but it took different forms with us. Personally I seemed to crave for lemonade made with fresh lemons, and, incredible as it may seem, no sugar; also iced coffee, and periodically during the day, sandwiched in between the other two, a Scotch whisky and potass iced. I suppose it was because I was a Scotchman—and proud of it, too—that the last mentioned seemed somehow to score over the others, but one had to be careful with it. One poor, unfortunate man—a Scotchman also, I regret to say—nearly finished himself off. To my own knowledge—as he was in the next cabin to me—I know he began his "day" soon after midnight, and kept one young steward busy every hour from then to daylight preparing drinks, and I became so accustomed to the popping of the corks, which I heard even on deck, that it did not disturb me eventually in the least. The worst of it all was that he abounded in the good old-fashioned Scotch hospitality, and being a real good-hearted, kind fellow, with but the one failing, one could not but like him. He made a point of never drinking alone, and although no one might be with him at the time he happened to be ordering drinks, he would

always order two or four, and the odd one or three would be despatched to Mr So and So's cabin with compliments. One night while sleeping on deck I woke up and discovered three drinks at the side of my chair. On the appearance of a fourth some time after I bargained with the steward to myself drink one if he could dispose of the other three,—which he readily agreed to. Poor Mr —— eventually caved in, and put himself in the doctor's hands; and, after three days in his bunk and absolute teetotalism, he joined us at table in his right mind. As the head steward described him, "a perfect gentleman, but just a little too fond of bending his arm"! We had now quite left land behind us, our last port of call —Port Said—that half-way house 'twixt East and West—being now only a remembrance of the past; but it was a place, when considered in conjunction with that stupendous work the Suez Canal, that one could not readily forget. As many as 3955 steamers pass through the Suez Canal in twelve months, these aggregating over 11,000,000 tons, or, in other words, 95 per cent. of the steamers trading between Europe and the East call at Port Said. Not only are the travellers who land at Port Said numerous; it would be impossible to name another port of call in the

world whose visitors are so influential in every sphere of activity, political as well as commercial. Here halt, perforce, the civil and military rulers of India, the Governors and most of the statesmen of our distant Colonies, the masters of many argosies, the merchant princes who control and extend our Eastern Colonial trade. Outward or homeward bound—wherever else they call or land—at Port Said every steamer invariably stops from half a day to 24 hours.

We pass out of the Red Sea, past the small British island of Perim—a coaling station, and then soon bend our course more to the east towards Aden—another British port (following, as we agreed before, the Union Jack). We leave the Red Sea with not a shadow of regret. What with "prickly heat" and an insatiable thirst, we all felt that our "British constitutions" were being ruined. There seemed now to be seen a little more life than during the previous week; we passed many sharks, flying fish, and a great variety of birds of all sizes and plumage. Steamers also were more numerous.

Last night we had a great discussion about "dreams and visions in dreams" coming true, and I must say that if all that was related to me was true, I had almost become a firm believer in the theory

that some dreams are ordained by an All-Wise Providence to act as messengers or warnings of coming events. A retired sea captain, who had throughout the voyage shown himself to be a deeply religious man, related to us how he first, as a young man, turned seriously to religion, and had his faith in God and Christ strengthened and deepened. He told us that some years after he went to sea one of his greatest friends was an absolute disbeliever—a wild, reckless fellow, who feared neither God nor man, and many were the discussions they had together on religious subjects. The time came when they found themselves in port—an unhealthy port—abroad. This young fellow jokingly remarked to our fellow-passenger that if he should take fever and die he would let him know afterwards in some way if there was anything in a future life. Not a week afterwards the young fellow was stricken down with fever, and lingered for several days at the point of death. One night, after a day's watching at the bedside of his chum, our fellow-passenger went through to his room to try and snatch a few hours' sleep, instructing the Chinese boy to call him should any change for the worse take place. He lay down, and after a few hours' sleep, he dreamt that his friend came to him and, taking him by the

shoulder, shook him violently, pointing up to heaven with one hand. He jumped out of bed immediately, and as he did so the Chinese boy opened the bedroom door, and rushing in, said—"Master is dead," to which our fellow-passenger replied simply, "I know."

We now shape a course towards the north end of the island of Socotra (British), thence east towards Ceylon, passing between the Laccadive and Maladive Islands. Although, being now the middle of the month of September, the south-west monsoons ought to have been almost over, we ran right into very stormy weather and rough seas, and what had gone before was as nothing to this. I could see our officers anticipated a bad time of it, as all was bustle on board. Derricks, boats, and all loose things on board were lashed down; riggings, ropes, stays, were all tightened up. Soon we all had to get below, and moving about of any kind became uncomfortable, not to say most dangerous. Most of the passengers sensibly lay down in their berths, and there we lay for 14 hours before emerging into bright skies and still blue waters again. We were at this point between 500 and 1000 miles from land, the nearest being the Laccadive Islands, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon one day we saw

flying towards us, and still at a considerable distance, what we took to be some enormous sea bird. As it came nearer, and, to our astonishment, landed on the main deck forward, we saw that it was a huge species of stork. That it was a land and not a sea bird was unmistakable, as it was not web-footed. Its bill was a long pointed one, about eight or nine inches; the neck was swan-like, and about 18 inches; the body fully two feet long; and the two thin legs fully 2½ feet. It appeared dead beat, and one of the officers caught it. Its wings, when held out at full length, were enormous, and appeared very powerful. The captain said it was like a species known as a storm bird, and his theory was that the poor creature had been on board some other steamer going in the opposite direction to us, and that, having got a fright of some kind, it had taken to its wings and come across us in its search for land. It was easy to see that it was too tired to fly any farther. We threw it pieces of fish and meat, which it devoured greedily. The next morning we found it still on board, and apparently being by that time thoroughly rested, it took again to the wing, and disappeared in the direction ot the islands before mentioned.

I have discovered my Chinese boy to be

a victim to opium smoking; and, from inquiries, understand he has periodical bouts — about one each voyage — lasting from two to four days. The first signs showed themselves yesterday morning, when he slept on for an hour after his usual time of rising—5 a.m., and when he did come to call me and prepare my tub, etc., at 7 a.m., appeared dazed and listless. Sam had been a bedroom steward for about three years, and when in his right senses knew his work and did it thoroughly, being very clean and smart. He forgot to bring my shaving water, and on my asking him for it and also to bring a cake of soap, he seemed quite unable to grasp my meaning. On my endeavouring in dumb show, pantomimically, to describe my wants, he eventually appeared bearing on a tray a glass of lemonade and a piece of cake! A volley of slippers and words caused Sam to disappear for the rest of the day, and on the captain's "round" of the steamer, which takes place about 11 a.m. daily, Sam was discovered stretched out senseless on his mat, this little performance costing him a 3-dollar fine.

There is quite a coating of salt on our funnel from the spray raised during our encounter with the south-westerly monsoons.

We are now nearing one of the most

lovely islands in the world—Ceylon, and as we pass Point de Galle, where we signal so as to be reported at Lloyd's in London, we are supposed to be able to smell the cinnamon on shore. Personally I fail to do so, but the fact that I have just heard the lunch bell and I meet the stewards carrying savoury dishes to the saloon may account for it. I cannot say I feel like lunching to-day, as I am seedy, partly from my own indiscretion and partly from the result of the carelessness of others. Last evening was a very warm, sultry one, and I decided to sleep on deck, so had my bedding brought up "top side," as the Chinaman calls the deck, and placed under one of the boats and behind a water tank in a position I reckoned that would catch what little breeze might be going. However, I had been a little too retiring in my choice of place, because it came on to rain heavily soon after midnight, and the stewards on duty during the night came on deck and woke up what passengers they could find. They failed, however, to find me, and I slept on in blissful ignorance of the fact that the heavy rain was gradually and surely soaking through my bedding. Next day it had to be baked in the sun to dry it. I woke up about 3 a.m., feeling most uncomfortable, and the head steward most kindly insisted on

calling the doctor, and silenced my protests by saying, "What is he on board for, anyway?" Now, our doctor was a bit of a character—an Irishman who had, through his blunt outspokenness and eccentricity, been quite unable to retain for any length of time any good berth on land, and he had had several. "Well now, an' have ye been afther murderin' yerself, whatefer?" he greeted me with. "Come to the surgery and I'll fix ye with a draught o' holy poison." Bottle after bottle was produced —quinine, ginger, peppermint, etc., etc., and a drop of this and a drop of that, finally mixing the result in half a glass of whisky. "Now, me bhoy, put yer skin outside that; and, begorra, I'll just drink yer health to help ye along," and, suiting the action to the word, he poured out a stiff whisky and water, drinking it down "to the memory of the poor souls who have met their end on these waters—the divil's own."

Crossing the Bay of Bengal, we approach the Dutch possessions of Sumatra and adjacent islands, covered with arborifera of various kinds down to the water's edge, with here and there a bungalow surrounded with a beautiful patch of greensward. We are now near the Equator, and, on this particular line of it, in the hot, damp, rainy district.

Quinine tonics composed of quinine, essences of ginger, peppermint, and vitriol at night, and iced drinks—in moderation—during the day, are much in request.

The evening before arriving at Penang—the British island off the mainland of the Malay Peninsula—we encountered one of those terribly black, heavy storms of rain, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, which are so prevalent round these islands. I have seen heavy rain storms in various parts of the western side of the United States and Canada, but never the immense volume of water fall in less than an hour that we saw that night about a couple of hundred miles off Penang. The lightning was in sheets, and is really heat lightning, and is very often seen in these parts by day as well as at night.

Chinamen do not like bicycling I discovered when talking to one of our crew one day as he said, "I do not like walk-sit-down." Some of the sayings of our China boys are somewhat quaint. My egg and bacon one morning not being quite to my taste, my boy explained that the egg was "not velly well," but that he would tell the cook to "spill" another one into the frying pan. The same boy, who was not a good sailor, said he was "sick in large proportions."

CHAPTER III.

We went alongside the fine, new wharf at Penang, and remained there some days. Pulo Penang, as its name implies, receives its title from the large number of Pinang (areca or betel nut) palms, which form such a prominent feature of the scenery of the island, scattered, as they are, here, there, and everywhere over its surface, their long, straight stems and graceful heads giving one the idea that they are well aware that they are the namesakes of the island, and are proud of the fact. The official title of the island, bestowed in 1786, is Prince of Wales Island. Penang lies between the western coast of the Malay Peninsula and the north-east cost of Sumatra, in the Straits of Malacca. It is 15 miles by 9, and contains an area of 107 square miles. There are some excellent grey granite quarries, and the roads and buildings are first-rate.

Being practically in the tropics, the temperature throughout the year varies from 70 deg. to 93 deg. Fah., and there is a copious rainfall, amounting to about 127 inches annually. Formerly Penang was a great clove garden, but the trees

dying out, the place has been planted up with cocoa nut, areca nut, and various fruit trees, besides a certain quantity of rice and sugar cane. The latest thing now is rubber, and this, I expect, will prove the future main crop of these lovely islands. What will probably strike the new arrival in Penang is the very cosmopolitan population to be met with. Practically all Eastern nations, as well as Europeans, are represented.

The Malay, Hindustani, and Chinese languages are heard on all sides. The town (Georgetown) is not exactly well laid out, owing to the fact that in the old days each house had a compound, and these being gradually built over has resulted in rather a jumble. There are plenty of jinrikishas to be had, the cost being most moderate—about 3d a mile. When we went ashore from the steamer we were immediately surrounded by 30 or so of these 'rikisha fellows, who are really too persistent. We found it almost impossible to proceed on foot, and we were bound for the post office, only 100 yards away. It seemed the exception to see Europeans walking, and we soon were glad to take 10 cents' worth of 'rikisha, even for a short journey. The streets are full of bustle and life, and from dawn to dark there is a jostling mass of 'rikishas,

gharries (a four-wheeled pony carriage), dogcarts, bullock carts, etc., and these, with a perfect babel of voices, make one wonder whether the Tower of Babel was not really built in Penang. The industrious Chinaman predominates, the man who by hard work and thrift rises from coolie to millionaire. Then you have the Kling coolie (from Madras), toiling along with a hand-cart; then the stately Sikh, with his long beard carefully rolled up along either cheek, and tied in a knot on the top of his head under his turban. Now and again one sees a chittie, or Indian money-lender, strolling along, clad in a very airy costume of a few yards of muslin and, perhaps, an umbrella, with a spot of red or gold between the eyes, and his arms, chest, etc., streaked with ashes. These fellows possess a great lot more of this world's goods than their appearance would lead one to think. Then we have the Malay in his skirt, loafing along in an indolent way, as though time was of no value to him. Bengalee shopkeepers also one sees doing a roaring trade in their well-stocked shops. Truly, we have left the West far behind, and the East has dawned.

We drop into the cool bodega for a peg, and enjoy the iced drink while the Kling boy pulls the punkah. Passing along

through the Chinese quarters, we make for the Eastern and Oriental Hotel—a fine building with nice gardens and frontage to the sea. It is thoroughly Eastern in style, with large, lofty, cool lounges.

After being cooped up aboard ship, one is glad to get ashore again, and I thoroughly enjoyed a half-hour's 'rikisha run out to the Botanical Gardens and Waterfall. We passed several lovely private houses, with a wealth of luxuriant flower and foliage, and surrounded by cocoa-nut trees; and noted a large house, somewhat in the shape of a pagoda, the residence of a wealthy Chinaman, and also the Penang Club—a pink building set well back towards the sea, with a spacious lawn and some magnificent casuarina trees in front, up which climb huge variegated creepers. On either side we have fine ansena trees, which at certain times are a mass of rich, golden bloom, and the whole road is carpeted with fallen petals, and a gentle, golden rain falls the while. We soon come to the Governor's castellated residence and the parade ground of the Malay States Guides, then the racecourse, golf club, etc.; and then, coming to the Chitty Temple, we reach the gates of the gardens. What a paradise!—lovely, well-kept paths bordered by trees and plants culled from the whole tropical world, each

and all carefully labelled; and open air plant, fern, and orchid houses, covered only by split cane blinds to keep off the intense tropical heat of the sun. Up to the waterfalls we go, and enjoy a cup of cold water, which must surely have run through an ice chest. We see the monkeys disporting themselves in the jungle which fringes the gardens. The old father monkey, crusty and ill-tempered, swearing at the youngsters who skip about; the careful mother in the background, hugging to her bosom a bright-eyed, little imp, who croons and chatters. We were particularly struck with a magnificent Bougainvillia glabra from Brazil, standing fully 18 feet high and not less than 45 feet in circumference, a solid mass of flower and leaf, and beautifully trained—one of the most lovely things I ever saw. The outside begonias —I use the word "outside" perhaps rather absurdly: there was not an inch of "glass" in the whole garden—were very fine, and among other things, we took special notice of the maidenhair fern, the Ipomoea Horsfalliae, and the Frons Roxburghii, a large leafed shrub. The following orchids were in full bloom when we visited the gardens—the Bala paniculata from Siam, a lovely shade of blue; the Oncidium lanceanum, the Odontoglossum

Boezlii alba from Brazil, the Clerodondron mymecepkyllum, and the Calanthe veratrifolia, a native of Malay.

We were particularly favoured one afternoon, through the good offices of a business friend of mine, by an invitation to drink tea with perhaps the most celebrated Chinaman in Penang—Mr Cheah Cheng Eok, a reputed millionaire, a gentleman who is partial to England and everything English, and who, to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee, presented the noble clock tower in Penang facing the wharf. Never shall I forget Coombe Hill, that perfect palace about four miles out of Penang, built on the summit of a small hill and facing the sea. We took 'rikishas out, and alighting, after negotiating the fine avenue, found ourselves "at the front door steps." We looked at each other—we were four, and having with us our friend the doctor, he wondered first whether there was a funicular railway to fetch us to the top, and also whether on the journey there was any chance of passing a station with a buffet. Seventy-six steps—fine, broad, granite steps—loomed above us; but we got to the top, where we found two Sikhs in full khaki uniform standing guard at the main entrance door. A Chinese attendant took us in hand and showed us all over the house

before we met our host, who meanwhile, I believe, had shut himself, along with his wives and family, in the kitchen. Entering a magnificent central hall with a fine marble floor and full of good statuary and bronzes, we saw a bronze bust each of King Edward VII. and the Kaiser. The family were in the habit of on great occasions using this hall as a dining-room. We noticed some very beautiful chairs of a dark wood, inlaid with mother of pearl; and were somewhat amused to see that the four noble rooms leading off this central hall had the doors lettered in large type as follows—"Billiards," "Library," "Private," "Private," and we began to think we were in a hotel. Here the doctor, who had been mopping himself furiously, asked me if I cared to play him billiards 50 up, for drinks. Here I checked him, and we passed on to a very large saloon, but in this I must confess my disappointment. It was in execrable taste. The room was about 40 feet by 25, the heavy furniture consisting of cheap parlour furniture that looked as if it had come from a second-hand Tottenham Court Road furniture shop, mixed up with the most lovely Eastern furniture, some of the pieces being priceless. Round the sides were fine Japanese and Chinese vases and bronzes, some of them up to five feet in

height. The floor was of polished wood, kept beeswaxed, and shone like a looking-glass. The most expensive and elaborate electric light fittings were suspended from the lofty roof; but one saw here and there, placed on beautiful inlaid tables of ebony, some cheap London or Parisian tawdry shilling ornament. The place was full of incongruous combinations. On the walls of the library were hung portraits of twelve noted Englishmen—statesmen and generals of the present day; and on the verandah were portraits of Von Moltke and Bismarck. Queen Victoria and General Booth kept each other company in the corridor, with facing them a fine, full-length portrait in oils of our host. Before being taken upstairs, we passed through the bath court, which looked so cool and tempting—the fine, large, marble baths having a constant stream of water running through them.

At each corner of the central hall was a handsome, broad staircase, and one of these we ascended, and were shown over the bedrooms and sitting rooms upstairs. All was spotlessly clean, from the bare polished wood floors to ceiling, the beds all being hung with mosquito nets. Had a European owned the house it could have been made perfect. As it was, however, there was a combined display of wealth

and bad taste that jarred horribly. Mr Eok eventually received us, and we found him an intelligent, well-informed Chinaman. We had been speculating as to whether we should see his wives and family, but were not allowed to do so, as he at once conducted us to a secluded part of the verandah, where, after tea, he lost no time in proposing a game of poker. I must confess to being exceedingly fortunate myself, and I think the old fellow took quite a dislike to me in consequence. It was not a very big game, but Mr Eok was the joy of it. He was as enthusiastic as he was nervous, and he bet on small hands like fury. It took us some time to learn that he would bluff "until the hatches gave way," as the nautical member of our party said afterwards, on a pair of twos. Once I beat his two big pairs—Kings and Queens—with three threes. "What!" he cried with much excitement, "your three little ones beat these two fine big pairs. The game—it is not built right!" He would always hold post-mortems when he lost a hand on which he had bet. When he won, he scooped in the chips with all the joy of a kid and his first pair. Adieu! Cheah Cheng Eok! Adieu! lovely Coombe Hill, nestling 'midst your cocoa-nut trees!

On another day we visited the Ayer

Itam Temple, and I cannot do better than quote an official description of it, which tells us that—

"One of the show places of Penang is undoubtedly the Chinese temple at Ayer Itam, and a visit to it affords the globe-trotter a pleasant country drive, which comes as a most welcome relief after days spent cooped up within the narrow confines of a ship. This temple was lately visited by Prince Adelbert of Prussia and by Prince and Princess Arisugawa of Japan. The best thing for the visitor to do is to proceed from the wharf to either the International or Eastern and Oriental Hotel, where a gharry can be obtained, and the driver given directions as to where to go.

"The drive out to the temple takes one through the heart of Penang, so that the visitor becomes acquainted with the style of living of the inhabitants, ranging from the lordly mansion of the Chinese millionaire to the curious little mat huts of the Malays, raised above the ground on piles, or the huts of the Indian coolies, with their mud floors. Then, too, the products of the tropics are seen in the shape of cocoa-nut plantations, patches of sugar cane, pepper vines, banana fields, and a hundred and one strange fruit trees which it would puzzle even a Kew botanist to

name, while the traffic varies from the neatly turned out carriage and pair to the creaking, groaning bullock cart, which looks as though it had started on its journey when the Ark stranded on Mount Ararat, and expected to reach its destination the day after the day of judgment. But the sturdy little Deli pony plods merrily on, and Ayer Itam is reached all too soon.

"A somewhat steep path leads up to the temple, and this is usually punctuated every few yards by most picturesque beggars, whose garments can only be described as a collection of patches. Here are the maimed, halt, and blind, squatting by the side of the path, chanting their monotonous appeal for alms, each with a begging bowl, basket, or tin, placed conveniently in front, into which may be dropped the very smallest coin, if the visitor wishes to 'acquire merit.'

"Entering the courtyard of the temple, one finds oneself in a typical Chinese, granite-paved court, and visions of the willow pattern plate of our infancy immediately arise. There are quaint doorways, still quainter huge brass urns, and, facing one, is a mild-eyed Buddhist priest, with saffron robe and closely shaven poll, presiding over a stall where the faithful may purchase 'joss' papers, incense sticks,

or crackers to their hearts' content. Buy a few crackers and fire them in the courtyard and also burn a few 'joss' papers and put some incense sticks in the big urn. By doing so you 'acquire merit,' and also do homage to the great Buddha and Confucius. The monk who presides over this stall will offer you tea, served in true Chinese style in a diminutive cup, and if you are newly arrived from Europe or America you will wonder at its fragrance and aroma. Then you are passed on, and find that you have only commenced to see the temple.

"The temple is built upon a precipitous hillside, with great outcrops of huge granite boulders, upon which the faithful love to have inscribed some verse from the Chinese classics, and these inscribed rocks are to be met with everywhere throughout the length and breadth of all the lands where the Chinese roam. The sermon in stone is more than a mere figure of speech to the Chinaman. He creates it and leaves it as a lasting memorial to unborn generations of the merit he has acquired. But we are neglecting the temple. We go from storey to storey, all perched upon the hillside, each separate temple containing its selection of strange and wonderful gods, many much more than life-size, and countless carvings and decorations which raise

the envy of the Occidental to fever heat. Beautifully carved gilt woodwork abounds, and the brass and pewter ware is practically beyond price. Workmen are generally busy about the temple, for such an edifice is never really complete. There is always some rich man who wishes to leave his record behind him, and the monks of the temple allow him to do so by beautifying their abode.

"One of the sights of the place is a small pond in which are any number of tortoises of several different species, which are cared for by the monks, and are regarded as sacred. These reptiles lead an ideal life of ease, with nothing to trouble them, and as one gazes upon them and upon the mild-faced priests, both so quiet, one wonders whether or no the hurry and bustle of the West, the strenuous struggle for wealth, and the hurry and clamour of the world, are really worth the exertion. Here is peace and quiet, here is a community who have left the frivolities and temptations of the world behind them, and who pass their existence in dreeing their weird over their sacred books and in leading the simple life of which we hear so much, and we part from them with a pang of regret to think that it is not given to us to follow in their footsteps.

"Then come the clamouring beggars

once more to remind us that the wicked old world is still around us, and we drive back to the town through all the beauties of vegetation with which Penang abounds, seriously thinking that perhaps the West has made a mistake, and that true happiness might be found in a Buddhist monastery."

Another afternoon I explored the outlying forest land, and was much struck by the marvellous vegetation. Huge trees spring from a tangled mass of undergrowth, and now and again a thorny rattan palm or a superb tree fern, but it is up in the tree tops where the greatest beauty is to be seen Here and there would be a tree in bloom, and flitting round it gorgeous Eastern butterflies, gaudy bees, and strange flying beetles. Here, too, one would find the orchids rejoicing in the sunlight, and I saw, where the tops of the trees were in fruit, some monkeys and birds enjoying themselves immensely. Great creepers and lianas, just like monkey ropes, fairly bind the forest together, and render progress slow. The whole scene reminded me of a photograph I had shown me many years ago of the late celebrated explorer Stanley taken in the African jungle.

These parts are certainly rich in tropical fruits. There is the "durian," about the size of an English hothouse melon, and

tasting like rotten eggs, but it is enormously popular, especially with the Asiatics, though certainly an acquired taste. Something like the durian is also the "Jack Fruit," the taste of which is rather nicer. A delicious fruit is the mangosteen, about the size of a large orange; then there is the rambutan and the chico, the pumelo, a large lemon-coloured orange, and also a variety of diminutive oranges of other kinds. Bananas, cocoa nuts, and pines seem too common even to mention. The sugar cane and cocoa-nut estates in the island are well worth a visit.

CHAPTER IV.

After being most hospitably entertained at the Penang Club, we left for Singapore, that marvellous cosmopolitan city of bustle. None who have ever visited Raffle's Hotel in Singapore can ever forget it. Here one has the luxury and comfort of the Savoy or the Carlton, London, combined with the quaintness and artistic colouring, outside and in, of the East; the lovely gardens; the Asiatic service; and who could want a cleaner or more tidy waiter than the Chinamen at Raffle's Hotel in their spotless white linen, blue caps, and noiseless felt slippers? The noble proportions of the rooms, the music, the quiet way in which the attendants glide about strike one as the acme of comfort in a climate where, owing to the intense heat, one cannot bear a "jar." Everything goes smoothly; if one expresses a wish to an attendant it is fulfilled to the letter; and when all is said and done one can live in a Singapore hotel cheaper than in a first-rate hotel at home. Here again the wealthy Chinese merchant is in evidence, and it is amusing of an evening to take a 'rikisha and ride round the Esplanade (the Hyde Park of

Singapore) and see their equipages—a fine pair of thoroughbreds, a couple of attendants on the box seat, possibly also another hanging on behind, and inside the Victoria a fat old Chinaman in rich apparel or maybe in semi-European costume, smoking a large cigar, but with bare feet! There are some fine buildings in Singapore, notably that of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, and the whole place, under the able Governorship of that estimable north country Scotsman, Sir John Anderson, has an air of prosperity. Europeans out there get the credit of living up to their incomes, and doing themselves uncommonly well, especially the English inhabitants; but still, after all, they certainly get their money's worth. At Penang we heard of the terrible typhoon which had just devastated the harbour of Hong-Kong, to which port we were bound, and learnt that the greater part of the wharf had been carried away, almost all the native fishing boats and junks being sunk with immense loss of Chinese life, as well as a considerable loss of life among Europeans. These typhoons, as a rule, give some warning of their approach, or rather their course is advised by cable from one point to another, and so sometimes three days in advance one is prepared for their advent. On this occasion, however, it came along almost at

once, and, lasting only two hours, created havoc among the shipping such as had not been seen for years. A vessel of about 2000 tons lying alongside the wharf was lifted bodily and sunk with all hands. A French cruiser and an English gunboat were driven ashore; a steamer of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company was driven ashore—the Mounteagle, a vessel of somewhere about 5000 tons, but fortunately was afterwards refloated with, of course, some damage. We shall now be there in about twelve days, and see and hear for ourselves.

Some of the vegetation in the tropics, especially that growing on the low-lying parts down by the sea and at the mouths of rivers, is most objectionable. Mangroves are detestable, and the sight of them growing in the sluggish, muddy waters, accompanied by a whiff of their odour after rain, should be sufficient to convince anyone that too constant contact with them would be bound to produce malaria and all sorts of tropical diseases. A walk through the native portion of the streets of Singapore is most interesting. The Malayan dish covers, made of palm leaves stained in patterns, wooden clogs, worked slippers, brass and enamelled boxes, Malay native-shaped straw hats, rice paper flowers, Chinese children's toys, wonderful wood

carved work, and curios of a hundred and one sorts are to be seen, and can be bought very cheaply if one is not above bargaining, and the amusing part of it is that if a European does not bargain he is looked upon by the native dealers as an absolute idiot.

Of Europeans in Singapore British and German appear to predominate, and although there are, of course, a number of sets or cliques among these, a great amount of camaraderie exists, and it is so very refreshing to find an absence of that terrible cant that is so much met with in provincial towns in Great Britain. I have heard of many instances of married men dying out here, and possibly leaving their widows very badly off. Immediately a subscription is got up among all the Europeans on their behalf. It reminds me of a case I know of in Scotland where a one-time wealthy man died, and through speculation left his widow and a large family practically without adequate support. During his lifetime he was noted for his generosity and hospitality, and many a man knew what it was to put his legs under his generous mahogany. After his death, however, I believe only a half-dozen old friends clung to the family.

One is used to see posted up outside all Salvation Army halls the words "All are welcome," and I must say I think these

words may be taken as the motto for hospitality in the East. At least I found it so, and from what I heard I believe that many a young fellow from home, down on his luck, perhaps in disgrace, has found the helping hand held out to him in the East which had been denied him at home.

We remained some time in Singapore, and had an uncommonly good time, meeting some of the nicest English residents and experiencing true hospitality, given, as one of our hosts said, "not for any return, but just to show you that we live out here." We then took steamer for Hong-Kong, and it is amusing to watch the little Malay boys surround all the outgoing steamers and offer to dive for ten-cent pieces, and really there is nothing very much in it. A ten-cent silver piece is about the size of an English threepenny piece, and being light it takes a long time to sink, and of course pursues a zig-zag course down through the water. All the same, these youngsters are very adept swimmers, tumbling about just like fish in the water.

From the south-westerly monsoons which I wrote of in the Indian Ocean, and the tail-end of which we had with us there, we, after leaving Singapore, ran into the beginning of the north-easterly monsoons, and the great typhoon that had just happened at Hong-Kong was no doubt the

precursor of the beginning of these terrible winds and waves.

We had had very great heat in Singapore, and a good deal of rush and running about in it just before we left; and, while standing on deck in an unguarded moment without my sun helmet on, I suddenly became giddy and felt the blood rushing to my head, and it was only after an application of the ice bag to the back of my head that I felt quite right again. It was a lesson, and one has to be most careful never to expose the back of the head, even on a sultry hot day when the sun might be somewhat obscured. Some say that these are the most dangerous days of all. We have a young English apprentice boy on board—a very nice young fellow, but fed up with conceit of himself, which, to his elders, is most amusing. I think I have only once in my experience met with a boy so thoroughly satisfied with himself. He was a lawyer's clerk, but no doubt by this time—it is many years ago—he will have found his level. Our young apprentice, although, as I have said, a nice young fellow, would never make a sailor; but he was smart with his tongue, and brought to mind the story of the young apprentice who, on presenting himself to his future captain, said—"Please, sir, I am the new apprentice," to which the

captain said—"Oh! I suppose the idiot of the family sent to sea as usual," and the boy promptly replied, "No, sir; times have changed since your day."

These terrible waves of the north-easterly monsoons play about with us as if we were made of straw, and one wonders, when one sees the steamer see-sawing on the top of them, why she does not break her back. We have now an American judge on board, and one feels inclined to ask him to "overrule this motion."

My parting with the doctor of our old steamer was most affecting. We met in a café in Singapore, and for half-an-hour or more I had to listen, and as I liked him I did not mind listening, to all his former troubles. He described himself as a genius, but a child of misfortune; but, as he was forty-two years of age, I thought it high time that he was weaned—at least from the bottle! Dear old G——, I should like to meet you again and to hear you describing the world as being "all at fours and fives." This was a favourite expression of his—never "all at sixes and sevens."

CHAPTER V.

I should not have cared to have been on my way to China even as short a time ago as ten to fifteen years, because it was a not infrequent thing, especially on the smaller coasting steamers, to fall in with Chinese pirate boats, and in many cases these pirates have taken passage as deck passengers on small steamers carrying specie or a valuable cargo, and then, at a given signal, being all well armed, they have shot the officers and other passengers and taken possession of the ship. Even now all these coasting steamers are well supplied with arms. On our arrival at Hong-Kong we found we could not get the steamer alongside any of the wrecked wharves, and the sight that met our gaze is one that can never fade from our memory. Large steamers tossed up on the beach; others sunk and, perhaps, only the top of a funnel or mast showing above the water. The 18th of September, 1906, will never be forgotten by the inhabitants of Hong-Kong, be they European or Chinese. No such calamity since the typhoon of 1874 had befallen the island colony; but even

it pales into insignificance when compared with the present trouble. Panic and havoc reigned that day indeed—half a hundred large ships damaged and sunk like cockle shells, houses collapsed, and trees uprooted, and a death toll of at least 10,000. Like a thunderbolt the typhoon came, and a gale swept in violent gusts across the harbour, and settled down to its work of destruction. In two hours all was over, and it ceased as suddenly as it came; and Nature's caprice had to answer for an awful sacrifice of human life and a loss of 40 million dollars.

We were truly glad we missed it, but on the second night of our arrival Hong-Kong was once more the scene of an awful calamity. In the morning we had visited the three great sights of the place—the Peak Hotel, which we reached by the funicular railway—a very steep one—and had gazed across at the marvellous panorama that is exposed from that point to the eye; the land-locked harbour, full of the finest shipping of all nations which the world possesses. We then visited the race-course and Happy Valley, and when there, we thought it the happiest thing on our trip. All of us were in good spirits on the lovely, bright, cool day we had. Happy Valley! Little did we think that in a few hours we should be so close to the "valley

of the shadow of death." Ill-fated Hong-Kong! Troubles never come singly. The Chinese predicted a terrible fire to follow the typhoon, and the verity of their prediction has been realised. As I write, the s.s. Hankow, a magnificent steamer of over 3000 tons, lies a blackened ruin alongside the wharf. The huge boat came alongside last night, and while the moorings were being fixed there was the usual bustle and excitement that attends the arrival of any large steamer, but nothing to indicate the awful catastrophe about to follow. Suddenly from the stern the alarm of fire was raised. The ship's bell was rung, and ere many seconds flames leaped and bounded with fiendish glee among a large quantity of deck cargo. No one could tell the origin of the fire; possibly some careless coolie smoking, possibly something wrong with the electric light, possibly due to incendiarism! The alarm struck terror into the hearts of all on board. Nothing could arrest the progress of the flames, and a wild, yelling panic ensued. All rushed for the gangway, crushing and screaming. The fire brigade were quickly on the scene, but their efforts were useless to cope with the fighting flames. The heat was intense. Many Chinese saved themselves by leaping into the sea. This morning the spectacle

was woeful and sorrowful. A more ghastly scene could not be witnessed than the removal of the charred remains of the dead, the sight of hot, reeking, rank, human flesh. Few were not roasted beyond recognition, and I myself saw over 50 bodies in as many minutes.

We take these two sad memories of Hong-Kong away with us, but yet we have also the memory of the beauties of the place itself. Hong-Kong is an island about 3 miles by 12, a British stronghold, and splendidly fortified. It is unlikely that a more magnificent view could be found in the world than that from the Peak. At night, the lights from the shipping in the harbour twinkling, the search-lights, and the lights from the ever-moving launches and ferries; by day, the wonderful traffic, the Buddhist temples and European shops, the native house-boats and theatres, and the public gardens all make up a memorable picture. Hong-Kong is a revelation of beauty and impregnable strength, where lies one of Britain's most powerful squadrons, and if asked what struck me most about it, I should answer in five words—cleanliness, picturesque beauty, military display.

I had my first "chair" ride at Hong-Kong, but I cannot say I like the motion. Any European out in the East would, if

he read these lines, laugh at me, I know, and say—"Oh, but you don't know what it is to live out here; you could not walk about in the heat"; but I must say the sensation of my first "chair" ride brought to mind the story of an eminent Scotch professor, known for his habit of "run-walking," as a Chinaman would say, who on passing a cab-stand was heard to reply to a cabman soliciting a fare—"No! haven't time."

I saw a Chinese funeral in Hong-Kong, and it happened to be that of a wealthy man. These cost often a lot of money, and the more that is spent on a funeral the more surely will a Chinese arrive in the "happy hunting-ground." The funeral procession passed along through all the main streets: there were the weeping women, the children, with all the emblems of death, the shrines on which were offered up the "tolls" to the gods — I counted four sucking pigs, and most toothsome they looked, accompanied by the most tempting vegetables and fruit—a paying line of business a Chinese god! Some of the shrines carried in the procession were very fine, the detail and carving being wonderful. I also met the procession on its way home after the ceremony, and all now seemed in excellent spirits.

The sampans and junks are a feature of

China. In many cases whole families have lived in one or either of these from generation to generation, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a grandfather looking after the baby member of the family while the sons' wives do the rowing or steering or look after the sails.

In the late typhoon, in this way, whole families were suddenly sent to the bottom of the harbour and now lie there, and none remain to tell the tale. It may sound terribly gruesome, but during our stay in Hong-Kong fish was a glut in the market, and the reason was obvious!

Leaving Hong-Kong, we take a north-easterly course to Shanghai, right in the teeth of the strong north-east trade winds or monsoons, and from white suits we lose no time in getting back to our ordinary underclothing and tweeds by day and blankets by night, and glad of them; and we settle down for a four days' quiet run in our comfortable Eastern steamer.

How few people on land ever think of the marvellous mysteries of scientific navigation! It is only when brought in such close contact with them as one is on board ship that one begins to realise what they really mean and what all the variety of terms implies. One cannot but remember the story of the little schoolboy's answer to his teacher when asked—"What is lati-

tude as compared with longitude?" "Please, sir," he answered, "it's something pa says ma won't allow him."

We should have liked to have gone from Hong-Kong up to Canton before leaving, but had not time. It must be a marvellous place, with its river life, where it has been known for children to be born on a river boat and grow up to a good age without once putting their feet on terra firma. The dazzling variety and colour of the bazaars, too, I believe, are extraordinary.

I was having a long talk, as we left Hong-Kong, with the Chinese pilot, who came some distance with us, and among other subjects—at the risk of giving him offence—I asked him if he thought there was a chance of the Chinaman in a few years doing away with the pigtail. He spoke excellent English, and said that they had already bogun to do so, but that, in his opinion, the change would take a long time to become universal. Following the national practice of shaving the front part of the head and round the back of the neck, they hold him in greatest honour who has the largest and most luxuriant appendage behind. This, however, leads to immoral practices. If a Chinaman is not endowed by Nature with a strong growth of hair, he ekes out what he does

have with bits of braid cunningly interlaced, and one sees often pigtails extending well below the back of the knee. Thus is the conceit of hair a cause for imperilling the souls of over four hundred millions of people! But into what perilous places may a man's pen not carry him! What about the fair sex at home? Truly the land of Confucius has to us Europeans some extraordinary habits and practices; but, after all, if one analyses most of them, one finds their counterpart at home! They are, of course, much more superstitious than we are. To take one practice alone, that of Chinese sailors letting off fireworks on board ship to drive the devil out of the ship, it appears to us absurd; yet on all the boats I have travelled on out East the practice is prevalent.

CHAPTER VI.

The approach to Shanghai is somewhat uninteresting, being a continuation of flat, bare lands, and the waters of the mighty Yangtze-Kiang river are muddy and unsavoury. Steaming past innumerable small islets, with here and there a lighthouse, we turn off, up the tributary river at Woosung, 13 miles from Shanghai itself. The China Merchants Steam Company's wharf is a fine one, having floating pontoons, so that vessels of deep draught can get alongside and very close to the Bund and the European settlements. The history of Shanghai goes back over 200 years before Christ, as from records it is shown that at that remote date it was a recognised place of trade in the Far East. Centuries have come and gone, and it remains to-day a cosmopolitan metropolis in Chinese surroundings, a golden city in a kingdom of mighty and wonderful memories. Its geographical position makes Shanghai a natural entrepot for the commerce of Northern, Southern, and Central China, and it is in the centre of the vast cotton district,

where the Chinese have become so expert in its manufacture that their goods are often mistaken for finest serge. About 60 years ago, by the treaty of Nanking, the ports of Shanghai, Ningpoo, Foochow, Amoy, and Swatow were opened to foreign trade, and the site of the British settlement in Shanghai selected. What troublous times have they not gone through in Shanghai since then! Captain Balfour, of the Madras Artillery, for years M.P. for Kincardineshire, was, I believe, one of the first British Consuls, and he arranged regular boundaries for the settlement. At first much had to be contended against—drainage arranged, land reclaimed, a hundred-and-one troubles; and, not by any means least of all, the inveterate hatred and hostility of the Chinese themselves—a hatred born of their dislike to the march of progress as introduced by the "foreign devils."

Some years later, the French Consulate and settlement were arranged for, and known as the French Concession in Shanghai. In the old days, the mails arrived at very irregular intervals in sailing ships, and their advent was, of course, a source of intense excitement among the European settlers, and even now mail day causes much bustle. The Taiping rebellion brought financial trouble and disorders of

all kinds, but, peace once restored, a general improvement in business came about, and about this time the Inspector-Generalship of Customs was established, and a Mixed Court created. Once again prosperity turned out to be temporary, and came to an end with the capture of Soochow by General Gordon; and in 1866 no fewer than six out of eleven European banks suspended payment. Out of ruin and disaster was born the resolve that Shanghai should, in spite of all, grow and prosper; and to-day we have seen that resolve reap the reward of patience. Shanghai, like Hong-Kong, is a bit of the West in Eastern setting. Who can ever forget "The Bund," that noble avenue fronting the river, where ride at anchor the ships of all nations; and on the other side stand the magnificent stone buildings, banks, Consulates, clubs, and public and official buildings of the city? The magnificent, undeveloped resources of the Chinese Empire dazzle the imagination, but the time is surely coming when these wonderful fields of trade and industry will be opened to the world. Shanghai is a tremendously sporting place—betting, gambling, racing in every possible conceivable fashion being introduced, and during "Race Week" it has been described as "a seething cauldron of excitement." The racing is above

board, however, and "straight goods." Then, in addition to the Race Club, there is the Paper Hunt Club, Rowing Club, Polo Club, Swimming Bath Club, Cricket, Football, and Base Ball Clubs, and many others. I was much struck by the very fine Volunteer Fire Brigade. Once a year, at the time of the Chinese New Year, John Chinaman has to pay up all his debts, so as to start clear, and it is a marvellous "coincidence" how busy the Fire Brigade is kept at this time. However, the insurance companies seem to go on and prosper just the same.

I had a run on the local railway between Shanghai and Woosung, about ten miles. This line now belongs to the Chinese, and they actually employ foreigners as guards and conductors; but when it was originally built by the foreign residents about twenty years ago the animosity of the Chinese authorities was so great that they commenced to tear up the engines and carriages and demolish the line, afterwards demanding to purchase it at a price which did not cover the cost of construction. Although the country for miles round Shanghai is flat, there are some pretty drives, and the little Chinese pony carriages with their fleet ponies are very restful and comfortable. We had several

drives—one—that known as the "New Point drive"—out as far as the New Camp Hotel. We passed great plains covered with their various crops—oats, wheat, and barley, here and there thickets of bamboo. Another—to the Loonghwa Pagoda, past several picturesque buildings standing in their own lovely grounds, then on to the E Yuen Gardens. Here we saw crowds of Chinese in pretty costumes driving along the main avenue to the picturesque tea-house, where Chinese ladies, with highly-painted faces, vie with their sweethearts and husbands in consuming cup after cup of tea. Beautiful shrubbery, artificial lakes, and beds of brilliant coloured flowers make up together a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Passing "God's Acre," where rests many a soul who has left his home over the seas, we came to the Bubbling Well, which, I suppose, will bubble on for ever. We go through miles of crops, crops, crops, and graves, graves, graves. Surely all China must be buried here if one thinks of the enormous number of hillocks one passes, each being a grave, besides scores of pauper graves—simply wooden shells enclosed in bricks and roughly tiled over—scattered round in all directions. There does not seem to be a yard of ground un-

cultivated, except these grave plots scattered about. On all sides we see the market gardens, clothed with rich luxuriance, intersected by the wonderful Chinese creeks and waterways, carrying the house boats and strange craft.

One day we took a drive—perhaps the finest of all—the Jessfield Drive, and close to the mighty artery for water commerce —the Soochow Creek. At the Jessfield Inn we enjoyed resting in the shade on the wide verandahs and balconies and the light refreshment offered. There is plenty to remember of the Soochow Creek, laden as it is with Chinese craft plodding up and down it, and on either bank market gardens, grain fields, orchards, lovely forests of exquisite shades of green, and here and there in the distance tiny native villages. We had several talks with Europeans as to how they liked living in the East, and the generally—exceptions, of course—expressed opinion was in favour of it. Money seems plentiful, and employment also. Of course, people live at top speed in Shanghai; it is well-nigh impossible to do otherwise, and there is a constant feeling of unrest, due, no doubt, to a fear of a rising among the Chinese. So short a time ago as December, 1905, there was a sudden rising, due entirely to hatred

of the "foreign devils," and the European volunteer force had to be called out. About 60 or 70 Chinese were shot down ere order was restored.

CHAPTER VII.

After being about a week in Shanghai I took steamer for Japan, the farthest stage of my journey, and landed first at Nagasaki. For about 12 hours after leaving Shanghai the water continues to be a dirty yellow colour, proving what an immensely mighty volume of water passes down the great Yangtze. By degrees we reach, however, the deep blue ocean round Japan, where it is known that the sea attains its greatest depth. The trip was delightful, and glorious cool weather, the only drawback being that the ship rolled terribly, as she was practically only in ballast. Whales and flying fish seemed plentiful. About 40 hours after leaving port we sighted land.

As the name of this little volume conveys, Japan is a collection of thousands of islands, islets, and rocks, the principal being Kinsin, Sikok, Nippon, and Yezo. Japan is separated from Asia by the Straits of Corea and the Sea of Japan on the west, and on the east bounded by the Pacific Ocean.

The country is fairly mountainous, and

geologically, volcanic, earthquakes being of frequent occurrence. The soil in some places is full of sulphur, and now and again one sees smoking mounds or hillocks, which contrast strangely with the famous volcano of Fusiyama, the sacred mountain —the highest peak in Japan, 12,500 feet high, and forming a perfect snow-capped cone, visible for almost a hundred miles. When active, ashes have been thrown from the mouth of Fusiyama for seventy miles, at which point they fell inches thick. The rivers of Japan are numerous, but small in size and volume; and, so far as lakes go, there are only about ten, the largest being about 40 miles by 10. Japan has something to show the stranger, however, in her ocean waters or fiords, twisting and turning about in all directions. The approach to Nagasaki is magnificent. In the distance one sees a rugged mountainous country appearing, and lower down towards the waters the hills and islands covered with luxuriant vegetation; the atmosphere is bright and crisp and clear. I see valleys bright with colour, wooded hills and shady dells, and fishing hamlets dotted along the shore. The harbour — intensely picturesque — is about 4 miles by 1½ in size, and as one drops anchor in the bay the stranger is sure to feel and understand how it is that

Art has made this country her home. The glorious scenery, the charming little people, who claim to be descended from the gods themselves, awaken love of life in one and a fresh delight in the enjoyment of God's beautiful world.

There were some quaint bazaars, also temples, in Nagasaki; and the whole place was alive with bustle. A new life seemed to be opening out, and one could almost imagine being led through some wonderful strange land as in a dream—a dream which one would like to last for ever!

The first impressions of some arrivals in Japan are doubtless the similarity between certain habits and customs, also the appearance of certain goods displayed in the bazaars, with those of China; and there is no doubt that perhaps the Japanese are better imitators than inventors, and this is borne out by the most noticeable adoption of Western ideas in Japan during the last 15 years. The Japanese language itself is not a pure language, but contains a number of syllables borrowed from the Chinese, and these have again been modified, and in some cases shortened and slightly changed, so that now a Chinaman cannot understand the Japanese language unless specially taught. In Japan, as in most other countries, there is also a patois, or tongue

of the people, and this sounds much sweeter than that of the more educated classes, especially as it is generally accompanied by a rippling laugh. Nowadays, however, in the Church schools the lesson books are printed in Roman letters in place of the Japanese characters. As is well known, the Japanese are omnivorous readers, especially of history, and native books on the subject are very numerous, as also poetical works. From the restoration of the ancient dynasty of Japan, newspapers were printed and came into general use, and now excellent daily papers, both in the Japanese and in Roman characters, are printed.

There is a large European hotel at Nagasaki, where they serve excellent tiffin and dinner, and I much enjoyed the Japanese prawns and oysters and several fish quite unknown in European waters. The cooking and attendance—all Japanese boys—were excellent. On one of the days I spent in Nagasaki the leviathan steamer Dakota, of the Northern Pacific Line, a purely American boat, came in for 14 hours, and about 200 or more of Uncle Sam's relations flooded the Japanese bazaars, afterwards taking possession of the dining hall at the hotel for both tiffin and dinner. There can be no manner of doubt Americans are the chosen race!

This must be so, as they already own the earth! I was much amused at an American family in one bazaar I happened to be in at the same time. A Japanese trader will never speak of yen (Japanese dollars) to an American, and in this case I noticed he quoted everything in "dollars," and a very pretty box I had just had quoted me at three yen was quoted to the Americans at three dollars. The Americans are too big to bargain over trifles, and the box changed hands promptly at three American dollars, or more than twice its value. I cannot understand the American gentleman's "penchant" for diamond rings — large single-stone diamond rings worn on the third finger. In England we should consider a man who did this, well—I had better not say what! The Americans seemed to me out of place in Japan. The whole thing —dress, style, talk—seemed to jar when compared with the beautiful artisticness of the little Japanese, with their lovely country and quaint stores, and still more quaint and artistic goods displayed. But the Americans had a fine boat. The Dakota is one of two of the largest steamers that cross the Pacific. Twenty-three thousand tons, five decks built one on the top of the other like a house built up of a pack of cards, all rows of cabins,

private suites, bathrooms, etc., etc., on top, and below children's playground, saloons, smoking rooms, gymnasium, etc., etc.

With the exception of one or two fine streets of stores, the rest in Nagasaki are narrow; and in some the smell is, to say the least of it, unsavoury. The Japanese, both men and women, are, outwardly, more polite than the Chinese, but this kow-towing sometimes simply covers cunning and dislike. An English gentleman I know, who has been 26 years in Japan, both as master of Japanese men and also servant under Japanese masters, expressed himself thus—"Well, I don't like the Japanese worth a cent, and the more polite he is to you the more sure you may be that he is going to discharge you." In reply to my question as to whether the Japanese nation were still, in his opinion, a rising nation, he said that it would take a lot to put them back, but he did not think they would go much further! He also added that he considered the Chinese would go a very long way further!

To describe a Japanese family to a European who has never seen one in real life must be the hardest thing possible. Dare I attempt it? Take some little Japanese dolls, which can be bought in a good toy shop in England, but be careful

that they really did come from Japan, and are correctly dressed, and stand them up on a table. Think, then, of the last time you went to the theatre to see "The Geisha," and imagine you now see the little figures on the table in front of you playing the piece for you and moving about on the table, but not so quickly as the girls in "The Geisha" (English girls), but with a waddle in their walk from side to side, rolling about their large, rich, brown eyes as they clank their sandals on the stone-flagged streets, and showing their pearly teeth as they recognise with a smile some passing friend. The mother, with a little baby boy clambering all over and all round her even as she walks, just like a little baby monkey on a stick; the father, somewhat severe, and a little in front of the others, dressed perhaps in sandals, loose gown, and an English shape bowler hat — from the sublime to the ridiculous indeed. Then the elder daughter —not more than six—they mature quickly out in Japan—apes her mother, and carries the next youngest baby wrapped in her little kimono, and for all the world behaves as if the little one were her very own. But she jumps about all the same, the little one sleeping quietly on her back all the time. The little girls dress in the same style as their elders, perhaps in more

gorgeous colours, but they are walking, miniature women all the time, their hair well pomatumed and fantastically done up with elaborate pins. The men now are, unfortunately, beginning to wear European costume, even those of the lower classes, and the combinations of costume, Oriental and Occidental, one sees nowadays are absolutely ridiculous. One can only hope and pray that the sweet little Japanese musumé will not in time take to the matinee hat!! What could be sweeter than the dear little musumés, with their refined, delicate beauty, clear complexions, large, intelligent eyes that notice everything that passes, and who sit about or waddle in their bright-coloured Eastern dress, and who smile and show two rows of perfect, pearly teeth from a rosebud of a mouth? Their hair is a rich black brown, and it takes them more than half a day to dress it, coiling it, as they do, into wonderful shapes, and ornamenting it with beautiful pins and combs of ivory, tortoiseshell, and glass. This is not taken down every night and put in curl pins! Oh, no! It lasts, perhaps, a week, as the little wooden sleeping pillow does not derange it. Most Japanese men and women have the most beautiful hands and feet. They do their rough work so carefully that these members

remain delicate and shapely. The feet they cover with socks made with a separate division for the big toe, and over these they put either basket sandals or wooden clogs, according to the weather—wet or dry.

To see a ship coaling in Nagasaki is a wonderful sight. A five-thousand tons steamer can be coaled in five hours by the hundreds of men and women, who hand from one to the other (one raised above the other on scaffolding) baskets of coal, and these they handle in the way one sometimes sees brickworkers passing a couple of bricks from one to the other in England, only the little Japs do it quicker, and they do not want to knock off for a pint of beer.

The thing to do, at Nagasaki, is to take a 'rikisha to Mogé, a little fishing village about 4½ miles away; but to get there one has to climb a lovely winding mountain road from seven to eight hundred feet and then down the other side of the hill, a sharp run to Mogé. Here you find the Japs at home, not a sign of anything European; and one begins to wonder if one is safe alone there until you see the little tea-house girls bowing, and with a grave and stately wave of the hand beckoning you to take tea. The ride is exquisite, as fine as can be seen in Japan, past beautiful gardens, vegetable and fruit plots, orange

trees laden with their luscious burden of fruit, bamboo groves, quaint rivulets and bridges, all as it were in miniature, little plots of cultivation appearing each one but a pocket handkerchief in size. One seemed too big for the setting, too common and out of place, but I think I felt smallest, in one sense, and yet biggest and coarsest and most out of place when I stepped from the road into a little match box of a tea-house whose rooms were divided by sliding panels of sweet-scented wood covered in with white paper, the whole thing thin and light and the sort of thing some men might almost knock over on a dark night after a club dinner! I clumsily shambled across the matting, and there being no chairs I, as gracefully as 13 stone would allow, got on my haunches, the while endeavouring to keep my legs behind and not thrust them out in front, as I knew that Japs never put the weight of their bodies when sitting on that portion of the anatomy which I verily believe was expressly provided for the purpose. The tatamis or rice straw matting was spotlessly clean, and from a little lacquered table I drank tea in a miniature cup without a handle. Tea, with neither sugar nor cream, and sweet little cakes, were placed before me by a little musumé with smiles and bows. The cup was so small that, not to appear greedy, I had to

limit my sips to mere teaspoonfuls (they do not use teaspoons in Japan) and imagine I was drinking some rich potion worth so many shillings a sip. But what agony came over me, cramp in every muscle of my legs, that I was glad to think of going. But to get up! How, I could not tell—with ease and comfort—so I turned over on my hands and knees and rose that way to the shrieks of the little musumés. To Mogé is a terrible pull for the 'rikisha boys; in fact, two are required, one to pull in front and one to push behind, and going down the hill the one boy holds back the 'rikisha with a rope. As already explained, from the nature of the ground they have a climb both going and returning.

And what a really sacred sight the cemetery of Nagasaki, where repose the ashes (they use the cremation service) of hundreds of Buddhists! It stands on the hillside, and is made in terraces, with here and there images of Buddha in some position or other, and in front of these images fresh flowers are placed—narcissi, palm blossom, large lilies, camellias, etc. The whole appearance of the place is very impressive, with the queer-shaped tombstones and images.

We visited a temple, where we saw the white-robed priests moving about the holy of holies, up and down wonderful flights of

steps from one shrine to another. They whiff at their little pipes, and read out of wooden blocks. Wonderful lanterns were hung about. The temple was surrounded with camellia trees of enormous size in full bloom.

We noticed during our 'rikisha drives field after field of rice and sweet potatoes, the cultivation of the former being most interesting. The plants are set out in damp, muddy ground in parts where plenty of water is available, and little water courses are cut in the ground to conduct the liquid over the field. Special manuring and vegetable matter decayed is spread by hand over the ground most carefully, and the whole cultivation of rice—and, indeed, all vegetables—shows the very greatest care and knowledge on the part of the husbandman. The very seeds of the rice plant are steeped in liquid manure before being put in the ground. I saw them sowing wheat and barley in winter, which would be harvested during the end of May. But what I admired most were the camellia trees, not a bit like ours at home, but thinned down, and every stem standing out and away from its neighbour, and each covered with flower. Smaller plants I saw on the floors in the houses, say, with eight little branches, but always with a flower in full bloom on the end of each.

There is an endless variety of artistic goods and ware of all sorts in the bazaars at Nagasaki, as well as supplies of the common everyday requirements of life of the Japanese themselves. The most miserable show is the butcher's shop, but this is accounted for largely by the fact that the Japs are very small meat eaters. The fruit and vegetable shops are a model of method and precision, the various kinds being arranged in rows and patterns, the whole having a charming and tempting effect. In the general bazaars the wooden goods, boxes, tubs, sandals, clogs, etc., and the small cleverly carved wooden toys are novel. Rough basket-work goods made for many a useful purpose are to be seen, and then we see clever little wooden puzzle boxes, whose locks defy the most ingenious disciple of Kelvin. Then we come to the fine goods—the porcelain, the metal work, the tortoiseshell goods, and the ivory and precious metals. Can one imagine, without having seen it, an exact copy in every minute detail of a sampan or a 'rikisha made of tortoiseshell, or an ivory carved temple? There is an enormous variety of porcelain ware. This, as a rule, is most artistic both in shape and in the colouring of the quaint figures of animals, people, houses, or flowers with which it is decorated. An amateur in these things is readily "had," however,

as there is an enormous difference in the value of such articles; and then the exquisite cloisonné work, ash trays, napkin rings, tea and coffee services, and a hundred and one sorts. On a single small piece of some of the fine cloisonné work as much as six months will be spent by a man and a boy. The bronze dragons and storks, the gilded metal figures and pitchers, the ivory carved boxes and life-like figures of the little musumés, the metal, tapestry, and paper hand-painted screens, all of these make one long for the wealth of Crœsus to charter a steamer, buy up the whole lot, and take them off there and then. Oil painting, as we know it in Europe, is unknown in Japan, but one sees rough oil paintings in the most crude colours and roughly enough dabbed on surely to please even the greatest disciple of the impressionist school but with the most ludicrous ideas of perspective, and these may be offered you at ridiculously high prices, whereas one feels inclined to offer a "yen" for them. But the Japanese water-colour painting is, some of it, exquisitely delicate, refined, and artistic, even from the cheap, rough, painted paper rolls with a wooden roller top and bottom, so familiar to us at home, to the magnificent and costly screens in silk and wood-carved pearl-inlaid frames. Here the

perspective is good, and does not remind one of one's childhood's drawings of a cow looking over the top of a four-storey house at a little man and woman in front, and even they are looking into the window on the second floor!

The fine lacquer cabinet work is worth the closest inspection, all the detail work so perfect, the little drawers fitting so perfectly in the recesses and not loose like our work at home. It must be acknowledged that the Japanese are undoubtedly the finest cabinetworkers in the world.

In metal work the Japanese are probably not so good as in other arts, but some wonderful bronzes, especially of Buddha, can be seen, some of them 40 and more feet in height. It is doubtful if some of the older figures of Buddha still to be seen throughout Japan are the work of the natives of the country. As Buddhism came from India, it is possible that Indians may have come over and worked them. Personally, I consider that the greatest cleverness and ingenuity and real genius is to be found in the magnificent ivory carvings, from the little figures about the length and size of a thimble to the large carvings representing a whole Japanese fishing village, with every single detail perfect. But I must leave the tempting shops of lovely Nagasaki.

CHAPTER VIII.

I am bound for Kobe, a busy manufacturing and commercial centre. The steamer I am on has 1600 tons of goods—all from London—for this place alone! and our route lies through what is known as "The Inland Sea of Japan," a stretch of water about 240 miles in length between two of the great islands, and along the whole stretch of water one winds in and out between rocks and islands varying from a hillock to an island six or seven miles long, some of these being very mountainous indeed, and clad in verdure far up the hillside. It might be termed "The Island Sea" as aptly as "The Inland Sea." It is the Clyde and Argyleshire, only grander and greener and quainter, though one can hardly couple the words "grander" and "quainter" together, but one can use only the latter word when attempting to describe the little fishing villages that nestle in the valleys on the seashore of those islets, with their little match-box wooden houses. So far as possible steamers are timed to leave Nagasaki so that the greater part of this wonderful

sea may be passed along in daylight, and we enter it through the narrow Straits of Simonoseki. The town of this name, where are many Europeans, is at the entrance to the Straits, and is an important coaling station.

An immense amount of money has been expended by the Japanese in rendering the safe passage of steamers up the tortuous channel of this sea safe. Every dangerous rock and island is lighted up by night; every shallow marked by a beacon. Yet, withal, an experienced pilot, whose only business is to conduct steamers up and down these waters, is required, and he has to be on the bridge almost all the time of the passage.

The vessel appears surrounded by land on all sides, and one wonders where she will get through when, suddenly, a narrow channel comes in sight. In one part the channel—between two islands—is so narrow that only one vessel may pass through at a time, yet the water is sufficiently deep to admit of the safe crossing of such steamers as the Dakota and the Minnesota, both over 20,000 tons. One must bear in mind also the very strong currents or tides that run here, sometimes as much as five to seven knots an hour. The area of the whole sea, taking an average width, is no less than 5000 square miles of land-locked

inlets (of sea), carrying in it hundreds and hundreds of islands. I should say that a voyage through this wonderful sea has no equal in the world. It has many and many a time been described as "the finest scenery in the world." I am not prepared to dispute it, but a New Zealander on the same steamer denies that the description is correct, and maintains that in New Zealand they can beat it.

The weather was clear and bright, and we watched with interest the hundreds of sampans and fishing boats plying their business in the deep waters. The shapes of some of the hills on the islands were most grotesque, and sometimes on the top one would see a single quaintly-shaped fir tree standing as if on guard, looking just like a large edition of the little dwarf Japanese trees so much the rage now in England.

We had the tide in our favour, and made the trip to Kobe in about an hour under the usual time, there parting company with our glorious old pilot, Captain Murray, a Scotchman of great experience in these seas, and I don't think I ever met such a talker. He was a great big fellow of about 17 stone, bluff and hearty, his honest laugh ringing out and heard all over the deck. He told us that some years before, he had gone before a doctor to be

passed for life insurance. This doctor was a tall, thin, pale man, about 6 feet 4 inches high, a miserable victim to dyspepsia, who lived on milk principally, and after asking the captain the usual questions as to how many illnesses he had had and their nature, the doctor asked him how much whisky he drank a day. To this the captain replied that it was sometimes a glass and sometimes a bucketful, according to the company he was in; but it was certainly on an average not less than half a bottle a day, and that he only began to feel that he had had a drink when he had finished a bottle. The doctor signed his insurance certificate right off! This was Captain Murray's very last pilot trip, as he had reached the age-limit of 60, and had to retire; but as piloting in these intricate waters pays well—about £25 to £30 a week—he had laid by a nice competency. The expenses are somewhat heavy, however, as a launch has to be kept, electric or otherwise, and two or three men to work it. The dear old fellow felt that his life's work was done, and as he climbed over the side of the vessel after we dropped anchor in the Bay of Kobe, we could see that his good, honest heart was thumping, and that a lump was in his throat.

The Japanese itinerant vendors that swarm on board a steamer as soon as she

drops anchor in these waters compare most unfavourably with the Chinese. A Chinaman will simply lay out his goods on the deck and hold them up one by one to you for examination, giving you ample time to look at them. A Japanese will catch hold of your arm and shove the article under your nose, asking you to buy, declaring it was "very sheap, very sheap." One morning about 6.30 a.m. there was a tap at my cabin door which woke me up, and before I had time to say "Come in," an ugly Japanese male face was thrust into the room, declaring that he was a "washerwoman." I did not dispute his sex, but declined forcibly to avail myself of his services. He was followed by a vendor of boots and shoes, whom I politely informed that I had not travelled over eleven thousand miles to buy boots in Kobe!

And Kobe, lovely Kobe! where we received so much kindness, both from Japanese and from Europeans. I was fortunate in being made a member of the Kobe Club, one of the finest in the East, and in enjoying the hospitality of its members. The position of the club is perfect, looking out, as it does, on the well-kept cricket ground. We had a cricket match one day between the ladies of Kobe versus a team of gentlemen, who were

allowed only to use the left hand, and of course the ladies won! O gallant men of Kobe! And on another day there was a baseball match between a Japanese and American team, the former winning.

Kobe has many attractions, both from a scenic and artistic point of view, as well as commercially. There are the temples, the quaint cemeteries, the waterfalls, tea-houses and shops, but perhaps what would strike a new-comer most would be the shipping and the wonderful number of great steamers lying in the harbour. My agents, Messrs Samuel, Samuel, and Company (Sir Marcus Samuel, late Lord Mayor of London), had on one day alone no less than 14 foreign steamers to look after, and there were 42 altogether in the harbour, and all steamers of size and importance.

We dined on board the s.s. Siam one night—a large Danish steamer—as the guests of the officers. I had myself been in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway some years before, so I knew the customs prevailing in these countries in connection with dining, but the rest of our friends had a new experience. Our party was twelve altogether, and we were invited first to sit round two side tables in the dining saloon in parties of six each, where, from tables groaning under their load of

dainties, we ate oysters and lobsters, pate de foie gras souffle, which the Danish steward insisted on translating as "little blow outs of fat liver," and other novelties, the majority of our party being under the impression that they were dining, when our hosts asked us now to move to the main table, saying that we should now "begin" dinner. We did so, and then waded through an elaborate dinner of many courses, each course accompanied by a different wine, ending up with a most fascinating liqueur, "La Prunelle," the foundation of which I believe is prunes. I often think that of all nations Danes are perhaps the most sincerely polite. We know "la politesse" of the fussy Frenchman, but give me that of the Dane for sincerity! Without a word passed, if one looked towards any of the officers you found that they raised their glass towards you, and with a punctilious bow, tossed it off as a special toast to you alone; and as we had six officers, including the captain, and two engineer officers, I began to think that I had better keep my eyes on my plate, as if I caught the eye of any of them it meant another glass of "La Prunelle." We left the hospitable steamer Siam about midnight, and found the Lady Samuel launch waiting alongside to convey us to the landing stage. The journey

was a very uncomfortable one, because during dinner a gale had sprung up, and we all got a soaking. When we came out in the launch before dinner it was a lovely, warm, bright evening, and I thought a coat unnecessary; but the next morning I found that the sea water had quite ruined my dress clothes. The weather changes very suddenly at sea in Japan, and one learns by experience to be prepared for it.

Commercially Kobe is one of the most important cities in Japan, being the seaport most suitably situated as the outlet for the commerce of Central Japan. Though I passed most of my spare time at the Club, I found the Oriental Hotel most comfortable, and the manager more than anxious to make one feel at home, going out of his way, as he did one day, to give us for tiffin a purely Japanese lunch.

At Kobe, too, we were followed up by the steamer Dakota, which we had met at Nagasaki with her troop of American tourists "surveying" these Eastern waters, possibly with the idea of creating a "Trust" in 'rikishas. (I could not get one during their visit except at an advance of 50 per cent. on usual prices.) So I felt that Kobe was now no place for a poor Britisher to remain in, and took steamer for Yokohama. At the Oriental

Hotel I got into conversation with a lady belonging to the Dakota party, who informed me that since the earthquake San Francisco was just like a great big "cemetairy," but she indignantly denied being an American, informing me that she was British through and through, having been in London 23 years ago, where also she had first seen light in the early 'sixties! She was a widow, and, from hints dropped to me by one of the male passengers on the Dakota, I verily believe that she was the original of the story about the clergyman who called on the widow of a lately deceased man, and, condoling with her, expressed his certainty that the dear lady would never find his equal again, to which she replied that "she supposed not, but that she would try." We are now in the Pacific, on our last lap of the journey, bound for Yokohama, and should arrive there 36 hours out from Kobe. Since I left Gravesend, just a few miles under twelve thousand of ocean travel has been covered, but as I have done it by stages and taken 80 days almost to cover it, I am not wearied, but feel only that I am at the uttermost end of the earth where East meets West. It is glorious weather, and I see the same full moon by night and bright sun by day as I do at home in the old country. To-day they seem to be my

only familiar friends—friends that have followed me in my journey by day and by night, and watched over me in the wonderful lands I have passed through. I have just pulled out of my pocket the menu of the lunch I had in a small semi-European hotel the other day outside of Kobe, and I think it is worth while reproducing it in full in this little book—

1. Consommee an riy.
2. Bailed salomon traut.
3. Macaronnee automate.
4. Fricasee chicken.
5. Raset beef.
6. Salade.
7. Bailed patetos.
8. Mashe rome saute (mushrooms!).
9. Panddeng (pudding).
10. Fromage.
11. Fraut (fruit).
12. Tea and coffee.

The spelling was defective, but the lunch excellent.

As we approach Yokohama we see in the distance the outline of Fusiyama, the sacred mountan of Japan, and can just see the snow-capped peak looking down on the lovely country below—that country of flowers where the lotus and the cherry, the plum and the wisteria grow side by side. Yokohama looks hospitable as I

drive up to the comfortable and well-known Club Hotel, next door to the Yokohama Club, to which I have luckily the entree, having been passed on from the Kobe Club.

To-morrow is a holiday, being the Emperor's birthday, and I have had given me a special permit to attend the review at Tokio, carrying with it special privileges, so as I settle down for the night at the Club Hotel I feel well pleased with myself, especially as I have now at last come to the end of my journey of just under 12,000 miles.

CHAPTER IX.

Perfect weather favoured the festivities held in honour of the birthday of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan. I was in Tokio specially to see the review by His Majesty at the Aoyama Parade ground, which was witnessed by thousands, including many foreigners. Early in the morning a cold wind was blowing, but about half-past nine the sun peered through the clouds, and the review was carried through in very pleasant weather. In the grand-stand, in rear of the Imperial box, a large number of invited guests were accommodated, including members of the Government, the Diplomatic Corps, and Japanese military and naval officers. The troops, under General Oku, Chief of the General Staff, took up their position soon after eight o'clock—infantry, cavalry, artillery, pioneers, and commissariat corps, in all about fifteen thousand men. They all wore their new khaki uniforms, and looked very smart and business-like, carrying several of the colours that had been used in the late war with Russia, some being torn to shreds, silent witnesses

of the great struggle. Soon after eight, General Oku rode on to the parade ground with his staff, and at nine the Crown Prince arrived. A burst of cheering announced the arrival of His Majesty the Emperor, who was accompanied in his carriage by his Lord Chamberlain—Marquis Tokudaiji—and followed by the Princes of the Royal Family. As the cortege wheeled into the ground, the troops gave the Imperial Salute, and the National Anthem was played. His Majesty, having alighted, entered the Royal box, and after a few minutes' rest, clad in the full uniform of a Generalissimo, he mounted his favourite charger and, accompanied by the Princes, rode from right to left through the lines, thoroughly inspecting all the troops. The march past was splendidly executed, the artillery branch of the service exceeding, in smartness of execution, to my mind, anything I had ever seen. At noon a brilliant levee and banquet took place at the Palace, over 600 guests being present; and in the evening Viscount Hayashi, Minister for Foreign Affairs, gave a banquet and ball in honour of the event to over thirteen hundred guests. This was graced by the presence of the Princes of the Blood, Marshal Ito, Admiral Togo, and representatives of the House of Peers, and, of course, the Corps Diplo-

matique. The chrysanthemums in the ball-room, and perhaps more especially in the supper room, were a sight never to be forgotten, and everything was splendidly managed. It was a very great privilege to have been present. The Japanese are certainly a wonderful race, and to me appear peculiar for a combination of three traits not usually thought to be compatible. They are at once the most artistic, the most logical, and the most practical of mankind. British officers do not compose odes on the night before battle, as did the Japanese in the trenches before Port Arthur, and the little Japanese soldiers can not only give us lessons in the lightsome welcoming of danger, but they can teach us also the art of dying, or, as many of them might call it, "condescending to die." In his death, as in his life, the Japanese seems to be governed by pure reason. The theories that we adopt half-heartedly he accepts entirely, and although we teach the beauty of patriotism and talk about how grand it is to die for our country, we fall far short of the inborn patriotism of the Japanese. With him patriotism is an hourly motive and a continual guide to conduct. What the desire for power and wealth and the hunger for fame do for us, for him devotion to his country does.

Marvellous is the fortune of Japan. The only nation that can stay her strides of success—Russia—is paralysed by revolutionary struggles against a Government whose very existence is a monstrous scandal of twentieth century civilisation.

The nations which have to meet Japan in the industrial war have tied their own hands with old-world theories, while she smiles at red tape, looking at facts with their application and nothing else, and marching in golden panoply to easy victory. There is no nation so practical as the Japanese. What is best to be done, that thing they do. Dead governmental theories of a bygone age are dead to them, and they modify their political philosophy to suit the future. All our knowledge of science becomes in their hands an instrument of production, a means of conquering markets. The Japanese are afraid of nothing. Can we not in Britain find again the fountain of youth and renew our might at its waters? And how wonderful the way in which the Japanese have settled down after the late war. It seems as if it were an empire of peace and quiet, where the people live a free, constitutional life, and not as in, say, Russia, where the human soul is measured by the existence or otherwise of a passport.

The national and public life of Japan

is positively booming. Military and naval matters are being rapidly organised and completed, foreign politics are an object of the Government's most attentive care, commerce and industry are developing with gigantic strides, and the political status of the people grows, one might almost say, hourly, and new societies, parties, and combinations are being started.

I cannot somehow find many Europeans, British or otherwise, who like Japanese men as individuals! Why is it? Is it jealousy? Or is it racial hatred? And racial hatred can be well compared with a pair of glasses so contrived as to minimise all that is good and beautiful, and magnify what is bad and ugly. I detest it, and do myself try to use my own eyes and see through them, as Nature has gifted me with eyesight to do. I see so much to admire!

The Japanese seem not only to respect foreigners but to admire them. A Japanese told me that when a lad his father had taught him and his brothers that every foreigner was wise and everything foreign worthy of imitation. They called the former "haku tetsu jin," which means "white and wise men"! The Japanese have often been the laughing-stock of the world for their reckless imita-

tion of Western things, but they owe their present prosperity to this very childlike faith they have had in foreigners. There has now sprung up a friendship between Great Britain and Japan, and I believe that this might almost be traced back to the respect and admiration with which the Japanese people treated us in the past, and in this way there sprang up a friendship between the whites and yellows—the two greatest races on the face of the earth —a most important step taken towards the realisation of the true brotherhood of all human beings, irrespective of race or colour. We cannot blame God for making men in different colours. Has He not made cats black and white, and do they not live in peace?

Here I am back in Yokohama, and wishing that I could find always a full purse in my pocket to meet the temptations of the Benten Dori with its wonderful stores. Every shop is a museum of Art treasures, and every dealer is a connoisseur therein. When one enters a store in the Benten Dori one feels that the trouble will be what to buy out of the magnificent collection. One is bewildered, and the general conclusion is to wish to buy the whole lot. In the many books that have been written describing the Benten Dori, full details

have been given of the wonderful Art treasures to be found there; so I shall not attempt it, except just to pass the remark that it is a fine thing to be rich.

CHAPTER X.

To-day is the birthday of His Majesty King Edward VII. of Great Britain and Ireland, and the shipping in the harbour is, as far as I can see, with two exceptions—a German and an American boat—dressed gaily with many-coloured flags; and the Japanese seem to be vying with the British residents in their decorations on the public buildings and clubs. There are some dinners on to-night, and, besides, to-day and to-morrow are the Nippon Race Club's autumn meeting, so all is holiday. We are fortunate in having a bright, cold day. Our King appears to be a great favourite with the Japanese, who talk of him as "our great ally"; but it seems to me that our alliance with Japan might lead to no end of complications should Japan fall out with America. Should such an event occur, would England not have at once to come to her assistance, and send her fleet over to bombard and attack American Atlantic and Pacific coast cities, invade American territory from Canada, and attack America in the Hawaiian and the Philippine Islands, and her shipping,

wheresoever found? and would she not have to do this even at the risk of losing Canada, and, perhaps, giving an opportunity for an Irish rebellion, supported by all Irish-Americans? As a nation, it seems to me we should have to do this or tear up the treaty, break a solemn compact, and remain under the contempt of the world.

The poor 'rikisha boys have my earnest sympathy. I hear that they do not last, from the time they begin "running," much longer than from five to eight years. By that time the heart generally gives way. They are wonderfully sturdy, active, fleet fellows, and almost seem to enjoy their work. European residents have, of course, their own servants to pull them, and their own private 'rikishas, and it is no uncommon sight to see a European merchant being pulled by no fewer than three men, and they swing along at a glorious pace. But the ordinary 'rikishas, with one boy, that ply in the streets for hire, are most comfortable, clean, and quick, and remarkably cheap. While shopping, they wait for one quite a long time without charge, and if one keeps them even so long as half an hour or so, the charge is only a few sen. Still, the 'rikisha "habit" should not be too much encouraged. With painful regularity one may

see any morning in Yokohama a procession of 'rikishas descending the hill from the Bluff to the settlement containing the "tired Titans" of commerce, the strenuous action of the pullers contrasting weirdly with the lazy expression on the faces of their patrons. It would need the pencil of a Phil May to do justice to the picture of the awfully enervating influences of a Far Eastern climate, where in the hot season the humidity of the atmosphere reduces one to the consistency of a damp sponge, and when one's energy is at a very low ebb. An effort should certainly be made to counteract the pernicious effect of "too much 'rikisha," as no man can persist in eating three heavy meals a day in the East and expect to retain his pristine vigour. Personally, I far prefer walking to the 'rikisha, although undoubtedly it could not be done without in the Far East.

The signboards on the outside of the shops in Yokohama are painted—most of them—to indicate the nature of the business, both in English and Japanese, and the spelling must surely have been arranged by the President of the United States of America's special "new spelling" committee. It is bad enough to see the King's English murdered by the Japanese, but one hardly expects such a

return from our "friendly neighbours" the Americans after our so kindly supply-them with, not only a language, but ancestors too. But in the Benten Dori, the great shopping street of Yokohama, and more especially in the side streets, one sees some very quaint wording of sign-boards—"Maker of all kind curio and cadinets," and "All gentleman shirt and combinos sold," were two I noted. The clogs worn by the Japanese, especially in rainy weather, are at all times most clumsy. I fancy it is only a question of time before they will be discarded for European boots. These clogs are made in three "depths," so to speak—a mere board the shape of the foot to walk on in dry weather, and strapped on to the foot; then for wet weather, so as to raise the feet well out of the mud, they use the same sole, but raised on two cross pieces of wood, reminding one somewhat of a boot to be worn on a short leg. The third pattern is the same, with the cross pieces of wood made deeper for very wet weather. Practically, they seem to me useless things, and uncomfortable to walk on. Their retention of these clogs has, I believe, something to do with superstition, but I have not yet been able to get at the story. That they are very superstitious there is no doubt. There is a superstition connected

with the spirit of the white horse, and if a Japanese family wake up and find the figure of a white horse outlined in chalk on the side of their houses they know that no harm will come to them for twelve months. I know personally an instance of an English family who lived opposite a small Japanese temple, on the roof of which were two bronze dragons, and for a long time they could never find out why it was that their six Japanese servants would never remain any length of time with them and yet never complained either of their work, the food, or the comfort of the place generally. On asking one of the men the real reason why they were leaving the situation, he explained that the house must be an unlucky one to be in, as two dragons kept looking at it, but he said that if master would buy two little guns and point them towards the dragons, all would be well. My friend bought two little guns on carriages of an obsolete pattern which he picked up at a sort of jumble sale, and placed them in position; and from that day they had no more trouble with their servants.

The Japanese have some rather ingenious arrangements in mechanism to create movement in inanimate objects which make one wonder "how it is done," something after the style of the China-

man's description of a motor-car—"Nothing pullee, nothing pushee, but all-rightee go like hellee!" I had dinner one night at the private house of a small Japanese merchant, where I was told by my host that it delighted him to hail my honourably-condescending visit, and that he hoped my honourable health was well, and that by the grace of Heaven he was in humble good health. The same man was my tailor, and as I had given him an order for a suit of clothes I received one morning the following letter from him, which I give exactly as received:—

"Dear Sir.—

"Will you be kind to wait till this day to-morrow morning 9½ o'clock to try on your cloths, because my tailor has happened to do some accident to his house. Surely I will call on you at time to-morrow with my tailor, and fit myself on your back. Wishing you good fixing,

"Yours nice,

"MINATO."

The Japanese are slow and cautious in their movements and in their speech, when with foreigners especially, if transacting business. One might truthfully say, I think, that they are a somewhat nervous race. I was watching a couple of bar boys in the billiard room of the Grand Hotel in Yokohama playing billiards to-

gether. They made one or two good strokes so long as one did not come too close to the table, but if they saw one closely following their play they seemed, so to speak, to go all to pieces. I rarely go inside the Grand Hotel. It is, of course, very grand, very elaborate, magnificently furnished, and, to those who like American style, no doubt very comfortable; but the comparison between it and the Club Hotel, Ltd.,—the good old-fashioned English hotel—is very great. Many wealthy English go on arrival to the Grand. It is "the place" to go to, but, if they are going to be any length of time in Yokohama they generally find their way to the Club Hotel. The management is excellent, and they look well after those who are staying there for a length of time. A friend of mine has been there six years. Their oysters and shellfish, their turtle, chickens, and curries are hard to beat. Long live Irvine Williams and his polite German wife, who both manage the establishment so well! My neighbours at the next table at the hotel were for some time two most estimable, elderly missionary ladies from India, where they have been working for some years, having been sent out from England by some mission society. I do not wish to be unkind or uncharitable, but, from an idle curiosity at first, after-

wards deepening into a keen interest in the ladies themselves and their habits, and, finally, of the whole question of missions in the Far East, I cannot help expressing my view. Shortly put, I firmly believe that the whole time those dear old ladies spent in Japan was wasted. Neither the Chinese nor the Japanese will, in my opinion, embrace Christianity for hundreds of years. You are dealing with clever races, imbued with superstitions and with strong beliefs and convictions. Would that our own beliefs and convictions were as strong! I have no hesitation whatever in saying they are not! I cannot myself see that it is practical Christianity to send thousands and thousands of pounds sterling out from Great Britain to the Far East to carry on missionary work there when we have such a lot of misery and wickedness at home. Think what it might mean for good if every penny that at present is sent out of our dear country for mission work abroad were devoted to mission work at home. Are we as a nation yet fit and proper persons to teach others about God and our faith? What must every Chinaman and every Japanese think of us and of our hypocritical presumption when he pays a visit to almost any part of London. We need not yet "go out and teach the

heathen"—we can find them at home! When we are fit, then it will be time for us to presume to tackle this great question. Let every section of our great Christian Churches lay aside their jealousies and their petty differences and combine to form one great Home Mission Scheme.

The prevailing religion in Japan is Buddhism, and the temples in Shiba are a marvel to see. The architecture is perfect. The brilliant lacquer on the outside, ever open to the vagaries of the weather; the bells, the arches, the carvings perfect in every detail, life-size figures of the sacred stork, dragons, and lotus, all blend in forming a picture that one must truly call a sacred picture —the outward signs and symbols of great, deep-seated belief and conviction.

CHAPTER XI.

There are about 3000 Europeans in Yokohama, possibly 5000 Chinese, and about 350,000 Japanese. It is the second treaty port in Japan, having been opened to trade in 1860. There is a fine bay, being the end of the Gulf of Yedo. Yokohama is only about 18 miles from Tokio, the capital of Japan, and a very good railway connects the two places. Although not very mountainous, the surrounding country in the immediate vicinity is hilly and well wooded and cultivated, and on a clear day one can see the renowned sacred mountain of Fusiyama from the gulf outside when at sea. On the south end of the town is "The Bluff," a collection of beautiful villas and bungalows belonging to the European merchants of Yokohama, built on the top of a hill, and the ascent thereto is so steep that one has—if in a 'rikisha—to engage a second boy to push one up. Once the ascent is made, it repays one. There one finds all kinds of architecture—miniature French chateaux, German mansions, English bungalows, and sweet little

cottages nestling midst their surroundings of quaint dwarf Japanese trees, fountains, cherry and mandarin trees, lilies, miniature lakes, well-kept lawns, and varied blossom.

[Here, as I write these lines in the reading room of my hotel, I am rudely interrupted by an American who has just laid hands on Whitaker's Almanac, and who exclaims to a friend, "I wonder if I can find any ancestors in this book," followed up by the further remark, "I can't see much about 'Amurica' here."]

From the beautiful European residences a grand view is obtained. Down below, again, all along the Bund, or water front, are built the offices of the great steamship companies, some fine private residences, notably the bungalow of Mr Beart, manager of Butterfield and Swire, the shipping agents of many large steamship companies; also the Grand, the Oriental Palace, and the Club Hotels, Ltd., the Yokohama United Club, and many other fine buildings. There are no fewer than four excellent daily papers printed in English in Yokohama. (I was just about to say "American"—there is such an American flavour about this room I am writing in to-night.)

In the last chapter I was writing a word about the religion of the Japanese, and

have wandered somewhat from the subject. There is no doubt that the finest architecture in Japan is to be found in the temples where is practised Shintoism and Buddhism, and the collection of smaller temples, or shrines is well-nigh countless, and greater than in any other country. Those erected to Buddha are far and away the most numerous, and some of the images are immense, notably that of Diabutsu or Great Buddha, 42 feet high; but this is said to be less than one-third the height of the original one, which was destroyed by earthquake in 1506.

Near to the present Diabutsu is a bell 11 feet high, 9½ feet in diameter, and 11 inches thick.

Kitano Tenjin is one of the most famous Shinto temples, where the spirits of Sugawara Michizane, his wife and son, are worshipped. It is three miles from Sanjo Bridge, in the Kyoto district.

The difference between Shintoism and Buddhism appears to be that whilst Buddhists worship idols, the Shintos devote themselves to worship the emblem of the soul's perfect purity, as personified by a mirror and strips of white paper. Most of the worshippers perform their ablutions before approaching the temple, and having said their prayers, offer up their sacrifice of rice or money. This money appears to

go entirely to the priests, who are allowed to marry just as any other Japanese.

Buddhism is a much more severe religion than Shintoism. While the latter is characterised by a display of feeling and joy, the former regards an outward show of sorrow at all times as the essential accompaniment to earnestness.

A Shinto festival is a day of rejoicing and merriment, and I have seen affairs towards the evening assume the character somewhat of a debauch, although on the whole good humour prevailed.

Religion means and signifies a lot to a Japanese, as it does to a Chinaman. Japan is the country particularly belonging to the gods, from whom their very Emperor is descended, and he who passes his life in heedless vanity and turns his back upon the spirits of his country has the face of a man, but the soul of a beast. So say they! A good Shinto firmly believes that the heavenly ancestors of the Emperor created the country. The masses believe that the Emperor's authority is of divine origin, hence their reverence for him. In Japan, indeed, we have a lesson taught us in this. Church and State are inseparably bound up together.

Turning to the morals of the Japanese, it seems to me well-nigh impossible to compare them with any other nation.

They have absolutely nothing about them in the way of mock modesty. One can see any day in a Japanese family house the parents and children lying naked together, and a conversation going on between the parents in hearing of their children, such as we should consider highly improper. To them it means nothing, so we cannot call it immodesty on their part. They themselves would think one who put a wrong construction on their doings as the immodest person, not they themselves. One might touch very deeply upon the whole question of the morals of the Japanese as compared with other nations, but it is hardly within the scope of this little book to do so. One of the results of what we should call the immodesty of the Japanese is the amount of consumption that exists in the country, due entirely to the lack of sufficient clothing worn in all weathers; and it is a common thing for men—not women—after a hot bath at the Public Bath-House to walk home with scanty clothing and all the pores of the skin opened after the bath.

We had a great day on Thursday, 15th November, 1906, when the Emperor came in person to launch the Satsuma, the greatest battleship afloat. Only a few months before we in Britain were making a fuss about the launching, by our own

King Edward VII., of the Dreadnought, and here within so short time are our allies over-reaching us. It was a most interesting event, and, as such, I cannot do better than give the account of it as written in the "Japan Daily Mail" as under:—

"On Thursday afternoon (15th November, 1906), almost precisely at the time when this event of more than national importance had been arranged to take place, the great battleship Satsuma, largest afloat of her own class of fighting vessel, was launched from her building slip at the Yokosuka Dockyard in presence of His Majesty the Emperor, the Crown Prince, many princes and peers of the empire, and a huge assemblage—undoubtedly the greatest ever present at the naval station—of all classes of the people. The launch was a marked success, the splendid craft gliding in her cradle from the ways on which since May 15 last year her construction had been proceeding, as easily, and entering the water with as little fuss, as if a torpedo boat were being consigned to the field of its future exploits. Beyond all question the day was great with interest for the Japanese people. The ruler of the empire and the heir to the Throne both signified their deep appreciation of the fact, and their subjects and nationals evinced in many unmistakable ways their

recognition that not only has Japan entered the ranks of the first-class Powers but that for the moment at least she was about to enjoy the distinction of possessing the largest and certainly one of the two most powerful fighting ships in the world. It is not, then, matter for surprise that Yokosuka was on Wednesday the scene of a tremendous gathering. It would be idle to attempt to compute the number of persons who viewed the launch, but many tens of thousands were present on the heights outside, on various parts of the city whence part if not the whole of the ceremony could be seen, and in the various quarters of the dockyard in the neighbourhood of the building slip.

"His Majesty left Shimbashi at 9 a.m. by special train, arriving at Yokosuka at 10.42 a.m. in company with Admiral Saito, Minister for the Navy; Admiral Togo, Chief of the Naval Staff Office; Marquis Tokudaiji, Grand Chamberlain; Viscount Tanaka, Minister for the Imperial Household; Admiral Inouye, Aide-de-Camp; Count Hinonishi, Chamberlain; Dr Oka, Chief of the Imperial Medical Bureau; Mr Kurihara, Secretary of the Imperial Household, and a number of high officers and officials belonging to the Imperial Court. Previous to the departure of the Emperor, the Crown Prince had left

Shimbashi for Yokosuka to be present at the launch. His Highness's suite consisted of Major-General Muraki, Chief Aide-de-Camp; Marquis Nakayama, Chief Chamberlain; Dr Ai-iso; Baron Nishikoji, Grand Steward; Princes Narihisa and Teruhisa, sons of Prince Kitashirakawa and Princes Higashi-Kuni. The consorts of Princes Higashi-Fushimi, Kuni, and Yamashina were also present, coming up by the 10.18 a.m. train. As the Imperial train drew into Yokosuka Railway Station, the Asahi and other warships in harbour and the various forts fired an Imperial salute.

"Yokosuka was gaily decorated with bunting and evergreens, and all the ships, large and small, in the harbour were fully dressed. Red and white cloth also lined the streets along which His Majesty was to pass, and close to the south gate of the dockyard a fine arch of evergreens had been erected bearing above its crown a great chrysanthemum picked out with oranges and on each side similarly formed characters, expressive of welcome, of loyalty, and reverence. Handsome fireworks were discharged throughout the day.

"The Crown Prince and other Princes and Princesses, Vice-Admiral Kamimura, Commander-in-Chief of the naval station, and other high officers received the Emperor at the railway station. His Majesty at once

drove to the Naval Office, and on his arrival there a salute was fired. The Emperor then gave audience to high officers of the naval station, after which he visited the new battleships Ka'ori and Kashima. He took tiffin at the Naval Office.

"At 11 a.m. the dockyard gates were opened to persons qualified to view the event from within its precincts, and at 1 p.m. they were closed so that all might be in their proper places before the time fixed for the launch. This, it was understood, would be 2 p.m., but the ship did not enter the water for nearly half an hour later, and doubtless, as elsewhere, the arrangements of the officials are governed to a considerable extent by the tides. All, therefore, were in their places by one o'clock, and it is more than probable that most of those who saw the great ship for the first time failed to realise her tremendous size. A copy of her plan, which was presented to the Emperor by Admiral Kamimura, showed that her displacement is 19,200 tons, her length 482 feet, beam 83 feet 6 inches, and horse-power 18,000. She has been built under the personal superintendence of Vice-Admiral Ito, Director of the Working Department; Engineer-General Kurobe, Director of the Engineering Department; and Engineering-Inspector Matsuo, Director of the Ship-

building Department. The plans were drawn by Engineer-Inspector Shirai, and the practical work was under the direction of Architect Okasaki. It may be remarked that the Mikasa, Admiral Togo's flagship during the war, was also designed by Engineer-Inspector Shirai, who finished his education in England after graduating at the Tokyo Engineering College.

"Painted a dull grey colour but plentifully bedecked with flags, carrying under a temporary bowsprit the huge gaily-coloured paper sphere from which, as she later began to move towards the waters of the basin, a cloud of pigeons and gaudy paper scraps was to emerge, and festooned from stem to stern with evergreens, she presented many features to attract the uninformed as well as the expert eye. She proved that in the estimation of the Japanese naval authorities the ram bow has gone—is dead, till perhaps some now hidden development in warfare afloat may bring it to life again. Hardly over a year ago Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge said it would be interesting to see how long the ram bow would be a feature of warship design. So far as the Japanese are concerned, the life of the ram has been cut short, for not only the Satsuma but the great cruiser lying next her (the construc-

tion of which is well under way) have very handsome semi-fiddle bows. Though ships may be specially strengthened forward, the ram with which we have so long been familiar is gone. The Satsuma is dwarfed by her fine lines—especially forward—but when one considers the pigmies who lean over her rail one gains some sense of her size. Her main dimensions we have given, but who can describe her armament, her engines, or her armour protection? These seem, as in the case of the Dreadnought, to have been kept very private. Four 12-in. and ten 10-in. guns are spoken of, and there is at least this to be said in favour of that statement: that the ship has on her main deck three great embrasures on a broadside, and on the upper deck a pair of large barbettes, all five of which suggest 10-in. guns. Other accounts speak of 4.7-in. guns and of the armour belt as 9½-in., but all that can be said with certainty is that she will have a large battery of 12-pounders.

"Precisely at 2 p.m. the Emperor entered the Imperial stand which faced the stem of the ship. He had been preceded thither by the Crown Prince and the various Princes and Princesses. His Majesty was escorted by high naval officers, while companies of bluejackets formed a guard of honour. Admiral Saito, Minister for the

Navy, read an address in the Emperor's name stating that the warship was named the Satsuma. The address was afterwards handed to the Commander-in-Chief of Yokosuka Naval Station. At signals by whistle from Admiral Kamimura, the Chief of the Dockyard Staff set the workmen in operation, and the shores being knocked away, the other processes followed in succession. At length everything was ready. The Emperor gave the word, and Admiral Kamimura severed a line which dropped a weight upon and knocked away the last retaining wedge, and the great ship at once began to move. The vast crowds broke out into the most enthusiastic plaudits, and as she gained the water the splash of her anchors and the roaring of her cables through the hawse-holes were all but drowned by the din from syrens, steam whistles, and human lungs that broke out from far and near. The wave that she made on entering the basin was hardly greater, as measured by its rise on the faces of the adjacent jetties, than if a fast steam launch had passed.

"The Emperor, who had observed the various operations of releasing the vessel with the deepest attention, remained looking at her for a few minutes as she slowly backed away from his presence, and then quitted the pavilion.

"After the ceremony, several thousand guests—5000 is the number given—had tiffin in one of the buildings of the dockyard, which was lit up by many electric lights, carpeted, and profusely decorated with flags. On the call of Admiral Ito, the health of the Emperor was drunk; and on the call of Marquis Hachisuka, 'Banzai' were given for the Empire.

"His Majesty left Yokosuka at 3.40 p.m. and arrived at Shimbashi at 5.08 p.m. The Crown Prince and other Princes and Princess left by a later special train.

"Governor Sufu of Kanagawa Prefecture had left Yokohama by the 7.30 a.m. train for Yokosuka to receive His Majesty the Emperor and Their Highnesses the Crown Prince and other Princes and Princesses of the Blood. The Governor attended His Majesty on returning to the train.

"We wish that to an expression of admiration with regard to the arrangements of the Dockyard authorities, we could put on record an appreciation of the way in which the chief railway officials dealt with the enormous traffic, of which they had had such ample warning. It is impossible to do so. We believe we are well within the truth when we say that one half of the numbers who travelled by rail to and from Yokosuka on Wednesday forenoon, afternoon, and evening did so standing up, and

in the rushes that took place to secure seats at Yokohama, at Yokosuka, and at Ofuna accidents might easily have occurred.

"It may be stated that the following captured ships are undergoing repairs in Yokosuka:—The Soya (formerly the Varyag), Suwo (formerly Pobieda), Suazuya (formerly Novik), and Yamahiko (formerly Rysitelny)."

Now that I have been some time in Japan, I have had time to study the Japanese character more closely and to examine in detail the individual life of the people—and it is an interesting study.

The arrival of a Japanese baby is the cause of much excitement in the family circle. A formal announcement is sent out by letter to the friends, who all come to the house with presents of silk or crepe, fish and eggs, and in about a month's time presents from the happy parents are then sent to the generous donors. When about a week old the baby's name is chosen, and on the thirtieth day after its birth the great "miya mairi" ceremony takes place. This is, practically speaking, equivalent to our christening. The baby is dressed in gaily-coloured, rich garments and carried to a Shinto Temple and placed under the protection of the patron god of the temple. Offerings are made, and a

blessing obtained. A Japanese baby's dress seems to me much more sensible than that worn by European babies. They wear simply several wide, long-sleeve garments, silk, cotton, woollen, or flannel, one over the other—as many as the season of the year calls for—all cut after the same style and in the shape of the adult Kimono or gown. The baby is laid on the floor and wrapped up in these, the whole being kept on by a wide belt of the same material. Full scope is given to every limb to grow and expand. The garments come right down to the feet. Even after a few weeks from birth, babies are carried about on the backs of their brothers and sisters, these often not being more than five or six years old. Living, as they do, so much out of doors and in the streets, the babies soon learn to take notice of what is going on, and quickly develop in mind and body. The children of the rich, of course, have their nurses as with us at home. The Japanese learn from childhood to sit with their legs under them, and the muscles of the knee get supple and accustomed to the position; but there is no doubt that the shortness of stature of the Japanese is due in some measure to the fact that constantly sitting from early childhood upon the legs bent at the knee arrests the development of that part of

the body. Cow's milk is a luxury in Japan, and in almost all cases, if possible, children are nourished naturally by their own mothers; but it is, unfortunately, true that the poor diet that the average Japanese woman eats is responsible for a great deal of the disagreeable skin and blood troubles, especially about the head, that one sees on the babies, and this affects them also when teething. The Japanese baby seems soon to learn to cling in the most wonderfully-acrobatic fashion to the back of whoever is carrying it. The foot-gear also is such that it allows the baby's foot to develop without cramping.

Should the baby be a little girl, life appears rosy enough at first, but as she grows up she discovers that the customs of her country demand that she should make up her mind to submit herself all her life to the control and ruling of the opposite sex. No career is open to her but that of submission to parents, husband, or son, and she must early learn self-control and self-restraint. The Japanese young maiden soon acquires a quiet dignity that is all her own. There is no forwardness, neither is there undue bashfulness. One always sees, both from young Japanese boys and girls, the very greatest reverence shown to age, and in this, I think, we have much to learn from them. It is a touching

sight to see a son show such respect to his aged parents as I have seen here. As in other things, the Japanese are practical with the training of their daughters in the duties of a wife and mother, and she early learns to keep house in its best and truest sense. She becomes an accomplished cook, adept in the boiling of rice to a turn and preparing soups and fish. A Japanese of the gentle sex is a woman at sixteen, pure, sweet, and amiable. She is bright, industrious, generally sweet-tempered, and attractive. The best part of her whole life is from this period until she is married, when restraints and checks are put upon her, and she is left to pass her life with a husband who perhaps has been chosen for her. She now becomes more or less the willing slave of her lord and master, fetching and carrying and waiting on him; but as the years roll on—and, indeed, in but a few years, as the Japanese woman ages rapidly — she becomes passee and weary — an old woman long before her time.

CHAPTER XII.

Education does not differ so very much in Japan nowadays from what it is with us in Great Britain, but it is noticeable that their system appears to develop the memory and power of observation, and also skill in the use of the fingers rather than in the development of the reasoning powers. Turning to the finer arts, painting and music, with the former one finds generally accomplished exponents of both sexes, but music appears to be an accomplishment reserved almost entirely for women, priests, and blind men. Apart from the "koto," however, Japanese music is not attractive. The "koto" is an embryo piano—a sounding-board about six feet long, upon which strings are stretched, supported by ivory bridges. Ivory finger-tips or thimbles are placed on the thumb, forefinger, and middle finger of the right hand, and when played the sound of the "koto" is not unlike that of a harp. The instrument is played sitting in the usual way—on the knees and feet. Music teachers, both of the "koto" and the "samisen" (the Japanese guitar)

are invariably blind men. These blind men also occupy their spare time by giving massage.

Another fine art entirely unknown to us at home as such, is the art of arranging flowers, and there exist regular teachers of how to form proper combinations of different flowers, the cutting, bending, etc., of each spray and twig, so that the result will appear absolutely natural. One must bear in mind that the furniture in a purely Japanese house is scanty, but one always finds flowers and plants and pictures in some form or other, so it is all the more necessary for these to stand out in perfection. We must not forget the ceremonial tea, the serving of which is an art in itself. I do not refer to the ordinary serving of everyday tea, but to the most formal perhaps of all social observances in Japan—the stately tea party, which is prescribed by a strict code of etiquette. Special utensils are used, and the form and etiquette observed are so strictly laid down that we might almost imagine that one was taking part in some solemn religious ceremony. The very etiquette of bowing, the position of the body, the arms and legs, and the head while saluting, and all the minutest details are carefully laid down.

I find now in Japan the kindergarten,

primary, grammar, high, or normal schools just as at home, and of all foreign languages English is by far the most popular, and is, indeed, well-nigh compulsory; and the young Japs find it hard to begin first at the wrong end of the book and read across the page from left to right instead of from top to bottom.

When a young Japanese lady is about sixteen, as I have already said, she is a woman, and she is allowed the choice of several young men to marry, but if she will choose none of them she has got to marry someone as a matter of course, and it generally does not take very long to get her fixed somehow. The marriage ceremony appears to have very little religion and very little legality about it, and it takes place at the house of the bridegroom, whither the bride is carried, accompanied by her maids, one of whom remains with her after marriage; and the bride brings with her a magnificent trousseau if of rich parentage, and even a working-class bride is well dowered by her parents, who will sacrifice a lot to give her and her husband a good start in life. The wedding takes place usually in the evening, and is really a simple ceremony, merely drinking native wine from a cup having two spouts, and this is passed between the bride and bridegroom and drunk by them as a symbol of

the sharing of the joys and sorrows of married life. The wedding ceremony ends as with us—with a great feast.

The marriage relations in Japan are by no means binding, and Matsui, faithful Matsui, my 'rikisha boy, as an instance in point, has had three wives divorced in seven years for disobedience, and as he has four children by them, he has now his quiver fairly full; but I believe he is looking out for another wife. By the law, in the case of a divorce the children belong to the father absolutely, which undoubtedly is a most unfair arrangement; and, taking the marriage law of Japan as a whole, my sympathies are entirely with the wives. There is no getting over the fact that the Japanese wife is never really more to her husband than a housekeeper, and is only honoured as such by her servants because she is next to the master, but by them never looked upon as his equal. She is not often seen with him in public. Her business is to wait on her husband, but in return for this she is highly honoured and respected by him and his family and friends, and if she be the mother of children she is doubly honoured. Her life is often most happy, and her chief joy and pride lies in the good management of her household and the correct training of her children. A Japanese woman makes

an excellent mother. I have watched them closely, and I have not yet heard a mother of children raise her voice angrily to them. Gentle admonition to a naughty child is much more usual, and it has the necessary result and is sufficient. In a Japanese house even of the richest the children are not banished to the nursery all day. They are in constant touch with their mother, whose life is one of perfect devotion to them. When they go out they always go for their mother's blessing first, and when she goes out both the children and servants escort her to the gate.

As the Japanese woman ages, so the colour and style of her dress changes. From the gayest and brightest of colouring in childhood and from the showiest of patterns, she begins, as years roll on, to wear darker and darker colours, and to a European who has lived long in Japan it is not difficult to gauge a woman's age; and, unlike the ladies at home, a Japanese woman will "own up." Although the early married life of a Japanese woman may be somewhat hard and is more or less a life of service, yet in her old age she reaps her reward and attains her freedom. In old age, if blessed with a family, she becomes a person of much importance in the household, receiving an extraordinary amount of respect and homage from her

own children and from her daughters and sons-in-law. She enters then on the period of her life when she enjoys in the truest sense the sunny calm of old age, and, while she lives, basks in the warmth and sunshine of love. Happy indeed are the elderly Japanese ladies who have been blessed with children, and who have managed to evade the dangerous reefs of divorce upon which so many lives are shipwrecked. So also with the men of Japan. They look forward to their old age, and generally when about 50 retire and hand over their business to their sons, becoming then entirely dependent upon them for everything, knowing full well that they will be loved, respected, and well treated, secure of a bountiful return from them for the time and money that have been expended on their children in their youth.

The Japanese working man has an immense amount of individuality about him. He is not merely a machine. He shows skill and originality, and is always trying to produce something that is his very own in style. It seems as easy for a Japanese to make things pretty and in good taste, even though a cheap article, as it is for us at home to turn out endless varieties of hideous articles entirely lacking in taste, articles for which the most appropriate terms are "cheap" and "nasty." The

love of the beautiful both in Nature and Art is as common to the working man in Japan as to the noble. The universal sense of beauty pervades the whole population.

City life in Japan gives one a remarkable opportunity of studying the life of the people. With the open fronts of the shops and houses when the paper partitions are thrown back, one sees the inner life of its inhabitants. I like to haggle with a Japanese shopkeeper over a trifle; it is amusing to watch his features, which very clearly indicate his frame of mind. I cannot say that one finds in the Japanese store a very high standard of business morality. Many of the merchants are tricky and unreliable, and when making a contract or arrangement with a Japanese merchant it is well to have it very plain in writing and duly signed. There is very much more business virtue with a Chinaman, whose simple word in a bargain may be relied on. The stranger visiting the great Japanese cities is surprised by the lack of large stores or factories, and wonders where the beautiful goods he sees displayed in the retail shops are made. Things are never made in Japan wholesale. The beautiful vases, the bronzes, the silks, the ivory carvings, and so on are possibly made in the humblest homes—the work

of an aged father and his sons. One hardly ever sees large factories or polluting smoke in Japan.

As in other parts of the world, the Japanese countryman is rather looked down upon by a townsman as being a bit of a bumpkin, and, on the other hand, the countryman laughs at the way the townsman apes the European, and wears leather boots and a bowler hat, and wonders how he can be so extravagant as to put sugar in his tea!

An interesting character is the fortune-teller, the guide in all matters of importance, who is consulted on any excuse whatever. A marriage, an illness, the loss of property, a journey about to be taken, and so on, are all good reasons for visiting him. Several good stories are told of the subterfuges adopted to overcome the evils prophesied by the fortune-teller, and the following is worth repeating:—On one occasion the good offices of the fortune-teller were sought concerning a marriage, and the powerful arranger of human destinies discovered that though everything else was favourable, the bride contracted for was to come from a quarter quite opposed to the luck of the bridegroom. This was no laughing matter, as the bride was of noble family, and the breaking of the engagement would be attended with much talk

and trouble on both sides; but, on the other hand, the family of the bridegroom dared not face the danger so mysteriously prophesied by the fortune-teller. In this predicament, there was nothing to do but to pull the wool over the eyes of the gods as best they might. For this purpose the bride, with all her belongings, was sent the day before the wedding from her father's house to that of an uncle livng in another part of the city, and on the morning of the wedding-day she came to her husband from a quarter quite favourable to his fortunes. It seems quite probable that the gods were taken in by this somewhat transparent subterfuge, for no serious evil has befallen the young couple in three years of married life.

The Geisha girl is a study in herself. These girls are not always regarded as wholly respectable, but, personally, I have seen nothing remiss in their behaviour, and I have visited many tea-houses. They become apprenticed to a tea-house when quite little girls, and I regret to have to say it, but in many cases the parents practically sell the girls to the heads of the tea-house for a good round sum. They are then trained in the art of dancing, singing, and samisen playing, the etiquette of serving tea, and generally entertaining guests; and they become in time a good invest-

ment. Any big Japanese entertainment is incomplete without the Geisha girls' attendance with their graceful singing and dancing, which are perfectly modest. The way they seem to be able to manage their flowing draperies is wonderful. I have seen them in scarlet and yellow robes imitating with their supple bodies the dance of the maple leaves as they are driven hither and thither in the autumn wind. I hear stories about the Geisha girls that may or may not be true. There is no doubt that much temptation is put in their way. The Geisha girl is not, however, necessarily bad, but while perhaps she has little stimulus to do right, there is no reason why she should fall below the margin of respectability. They are dear, fascinating, bright, and lively little creatures—witty, pretty, and always well dressed and smart.

A Japanese theatre is worth visiting. There one can see the life, costumes, and details of old Japan life. A performance goes on practically all day—say, from ten or eleven in the morning until nine or ten at night, and one goes out when hungry for tiffin or refreshments. The play in Japan always conveys a moral, and I notice that few women act, almost all the characters being taken by men.

From Tokio there are some beautiful

walks and drives out to see the gardens and all the lovely blossom, cherry and peach, plum and wisteria. The maple trees, and, of course, the chrysanthemums, are alone a sight to see. I paid a visit to some famous nursery gardens, where I saw a most wonderful collection of Japanese dwarf trees. The proprietor is considered one of the greatest authorities on these plants living. Thousands of these trees, oak, maple, fir, etc., some of them hundreds of years old, all planted in quaintly-coloured pots, were ranged in rows, giving room for the visitor to walk up and down between. The grotesque shapes into which many of these dwarf trees had been trained were extraordinary, and as one walked about among them one felt a very giant in size. The appearance of these curious plants so clearly indicated age without size.

CHAPTER XIII.

There comes to the happy little Japanese, too, as to us, the time of mourning, when death enters the house and some dear one is no more. There is not such a thing as an undertaker in Japan. The caring for the remains of the loved one is done by the relatives and friends, and the corpse placed by them in the coffin. Previously it is wrapped in a quilt of silk, the head towards north, and a screen placed round the coffin, on which is hung a sword to keep off the evil spirits. Relatives and friends visit the body, making low bows to it, and offering flowers or incense. The body is generally placed in the coffin in a sitting position, the chin touching the knees, several keepsakes being placed in it —toys, weapons, and so on. Until the coffin is taken from the house it is watched day and night, incense being continually burnt beside it. The funeral procession is a somewhat imposing sight. There is nothing said about it, and the first time a stranger sees one he is filled with surprise. Most of the mourners would be dressed in white, the priests in colours, and red and

white flags might be carried by some of the party. For about fifty days after death the spirit of the dead one is supposed still to inhabit the house, and during this time food is daily placed in readiness for it. No Japanese fears death. To many it is a release from a life that has much of poverty and hardship about it. Many of them long for the time when they shall join the spirits of their ancestors.

The Japanese men are not, as a rule, good-looking. Now and again one sees good features, but it is a curious circumstance that one comes across the sweetest-looking little fellows, say, from seven to seventeen, really good-looking boys, but as they pass this age they seem to entirely lose their appearance. One sees such dear, laughing little chaps, with lovely pearly teeth, which they brush carefully after every meal. In a busy street in Tokio or Yokohama the streets swarm with these active, intelligent youngsters, with laughs like a silvered song, little mites, some of them, with white souls enough, striving in the beehive of Japanese life. Matsui, my own boy, who is as ugly a Japanese as one could see anywhere, declares to me that he was a beautiful boy, one of twins, and that his twin brother was not nearly so pretty as he. His mother, I think, must have been a very extravagant woman,

as Matsui tells me that she had twins twice! Poor Matsui! at first a clerk in a Japanese store, he has gradually sunk down to a 'rikisha boy; the old complaint, the sake bottle; but the fellow is as faithful as a dog, always polite and punctual, my tub never a minute late, and I would trust him with my pocket-book. But, taking the average Jap, he is not so reliable as a Chinaman. Take an instance in point. In the bar (some people consider this a dreadful place at home, but I have seen missionaries in a bar in the East!) of the Grand Hotel in Yokohama you will find two or three Japanese boys serving refreshments, but it is a Chinaman in charge of the till, and an Englishman manages the hotel!

I have just come back from Miyanoshita and the far-famed Fujiya Hotel there, which is by many considered the most comfortable hotel in the East. For a week-end it is indeed almost necessary to engage rooms beforehand, so favourite a mountain resort is it! The grandeur of the scenery is incomparable. There is something of Norway and something of Switzerland about it, and yet it is so Japanese as to be neither. And who can ever forget the Fujiya Hotel and the comforts found there? People say that the proprietor has

collected together in this hotel the prettiest collection of Japanese girls to be seen in Japan. They glide about the room so prettily, smiling the while, and wait upon one, thoughtful of every detail for comfort. And the baths, where, to one's surprise, the little maidens come to scrub one down in the most natural way, without a suspicion of immodesty, not to speak of immorality. To them it is simply a vocation. I remember reading somewhere that the Duke of Connaught, who many years ago visited Japan accompanied by the Duchess, is reported to have said that he never enjoyed a bath so much in his life as those he had at Fujiya Hotel, Miyanoshita, and I can certainly say the same myself. The whole visit was like a peep into fairyland, and the lovely autumn tints, when I saw them, were perfection, more especially, perhaps, to particularise, the maples. I am arranging a party to return there to spend the Christmas week of holiday, when no doubt by that time, with possibly some snow on the ground, we shall be able to imagine ourselves in the Highlands of Scotland. In winter one has to be very careful, the weather being somewhat treacherous, with often a damp, cold fog in the early mornings, and at this time in Japan it is necessary to clothe one-

self warmly to guard against the sudden changes of temperature.

I have been up at Tokio, the wonderful capital of Japan, and was lucky in the fact that it was a national holiday on the day of my arrival, and in addition, a great Industrial Exhibition was going on. Stalls upon stalls of exquisite work of every kind—china, bronzes, brass work, the perfection of carpentering in wooden work, cloisonne goods, silks, provisions, native wines and spirits; indeed, samples of every product of Japan. And how the Tokioites enjoyed themselves in their hundreds of thousands, swarming as they did in the exhibition grounds a good-natured crowd. At any of the stalls goods could be bought, and a brisk trade was being done. What a marvellous city is Tokio! A veritable London, and thoroughly Japanese, much more so than either Kobe or Yokohama. I visited the Palace of the Mikado, and the many other handsome public buildings and museums. The streets are exceptionally wide, and there exists a fine electric tramway system. I explored on foot a large portion of the city, and, as in London, one can walk for miles and miles through seemingly endless streets. In the poorer parts of the town I saw some loathsome sights, and was molested by the

many leper beggars one sees about in Japan. The poorer class Japanese have some filthy habits, notably that of frequently expectorating, and the public manner in which they attend to the calls of nature is very offensive. The Japanese seem to me altogether to have very contradictory characters; on one hand all that is beautiful and refined, the best of the Orient blended with all that is good from the Occident; and on the other hand one sees daily the worst forms of the savage instincts of the Eastern world as they have existed for hundreds of years, and are just the same to-day. But it is fair to say that during the Russo-Japanese war the Japanese Government and the individual Japanese soldiers proved themselves worthy of the name of a highly civilised nation, if only by the way they treated the prisoners of war. These were treated more as guests than prisoners, and the food that was given them cost actually more than that given to their own Japanese soldiers fighting on the field of battle. I doubt if some of these Russians had ever been so well treated in their lives. It is even on record that at the end of the war many Russian prisoners, who were Jews, petitioned the Mikado to allow them to remain and become his subjects. Considering how Russia has over

and over again tricked and deceived Japan, it is worthy of note that such goodwill should have been shown by the Japanese towards a treacherous foe.

Japan as a nation has changed her political ideals marvellously. In the old days, like the Chinese, she desired complete isolation. To-day, perhaps of all nations, Japan desires the most to learn all that is best to be found elsewhere throughout the world.

There is no fear of the "Yellow Peril" so far as Japan is concerned. Should there come again a war between the white man and the yellow or brown man, it is more than probable that Japan would cast her lot on the side of that nation whose banners of war were raised on behalf of the march of civilisation, apart from racial or religious differences.

CHAPTER XIV.

While travelling from place to place in Japan in the railway trains, which really are very comfortable and up-to-date, being supplied with capital dining and sleeping cars, I find an immense amount of unconscious humour is to be got from perusing the various local journals and advertising leaflets which are distributed.

I extract a few of them, and give them exactly as printed:—

WANTED.—A SITUATION as a house boy by an experienced man of 21 years old. Wages no object.
Please write to
R. NAGATA,
c/o Y. Nakamura,
551 Nishitobe.

WANTED.—A POSITION as a house boy by a 29 aged good man in a family who promise to pay over 15 yen. Please address to
CHIBA,
No. 3753, Tateno, Negishi-machi.

WANTED.—A SITUATION in a foreign family as a cook by one, aged 18, who has had an experience.
Please apply to
K. NOGUCHI,
c/o Yasuho, 37 Sanchome,
Hanasaki-cho.

WANTED.—A GOOD baby amah aged 24, wants a position in a good family, is able to go abread with.
Please write to
U. OKAMOTO,
Care of K. Tsukamoto,
No. 3256, Negishi.

WANTED.—An experienced man of French cooking is desirous to be employed in a good family. Moderate terms.
Please address to
T. INOUYE,
No. 6 Itchome,
Ishikawa-machi.

The silk industry in Japan is an enormous one, forming, as it does, along with the rice trade, the staple support and export business of the country, tea coming in third. In Tokyo and in Yokohama there have been built enormous warehouses, employing thousands of men and women, and containing many millions sterling of valuable goods, and from these France takes the bulk of the silk and the United States the larger share of the tea.

When the rice crop is harvested in autumn the same ground is then used for an intermediate crop of other cereals or vegetables, but principally wheat and barley, not oats, which I once remember hearing described as England's horsefeed,

America's breakfast, and Scotland's table d'hote!

I do not think much of the policemen of Japan, who are not nearly so smart a set of men as the soldiers, and they appear absolutely indifferent to the interests of foreigners, lazying about the corners of the streets, a "never" present help in time of trouble. Some of them, too, appear fond of sake, which certainly, although a good liquid to preserve most things in, is not generally conducive to preserve secrets, so many of which must be entrusted to the police.

It is not pleasant to be laid up in a hotel, especially in so distant a part of the world from home as Japan, but I suppose an illness of some kind is almost inseparable from a journey of thousands of miles through varying climates and accompanied by a constant change of style of diet. I have just recovered from a slight attack of dysentery. At first slight, merely biliousness, which complaint is often mistaken for piety, but developing later more seriously.

At the same time that I "was laid aside" in my hotel by illness we had an extremely nice American — an American gentleman — (Note—This genus is very rare; some say almost extinct.)—who had an attack of appendicitis, from which he

happily recovered; and, after all, it turns out in most cases, thanks to modern medical skill, merely a modern pain costing about £50 more than the old-fashioned stomachache.

Since writing my last jottings I have been down to Kyoto, which, prior to 1868, was the seat of Government and the residence of the Mikado and his Court. A fine city, typical of Old Japan, surrounded by high hills and having a good river, the Kamogawa, flowing through it.

One of the sights of Kyoto is the ballet dancing called the Miyako Odori, a special performance of which, I hear, takes place in April, but this it has not been my privilege to see, having only attended the ordinary performances of the Maiko or Geisha girls. I was greatly struck by the cloisonne and the Damascene ware to be seen in the shops of Kyoto. Being now the dead of winter, I have no opportunity of making the ascent of the sacred mountain of Fujiyama, but as this wonderful volcanic mountain is one of the sights of Japan, I cannot fairly leave a description of it out of this book, so I am indebted to the management of the Oriental Hotel at Kobe for the following description of the mountain:—"Probably no trip in Japan is more interesting and worth taking than the ascent of Fujiyama, the sacred mount

of Dai Nippon. It is a justly famous pile, only a short distance and in plain view from Yokohama, and the wonderful views from its numerous vantage points a thousand times repay the cost and labour of the trip. There are a number of points from which one may start, but the one that is the most popular with tourists is from Miyanoshita or Hakone, by way of Gotemba or Subashiri, over the Otone-toge, or Maiden's Pass. From the top of this pass a clear and comprehensive view is obtained of both the mountain and the plain at its base. Everything that is needed for the excursion in the way of food, etc., can be procured at the hotel, and plenty of wraps should be taken along, as the temperature on the summit touches freezing point during the night at all times of the year. The ascent from Gotemba station occupies in the neighbourhood of ten or eleven hours; the descent about five hours, and if the traveller starts between two and three in the morning the glorious sunrise witnessed on the way up will repay him for his early call. Fuji is not difficult to climb, and the first mile or so can be made on horseback. Upon arrival at the summit first secure a hut, of which there are plenty, in which to pass the night; then descend into the crater and make the round, returning in

time to have the full advantage of a sunset that can be seen nowhere else. Fuji's elevation is 12,400 feet."

I have again been to Tokio, which is only about a half-hour's railway journey from Yokohama. The more one sees of it the more marvellous a city does it appear. The city and suburbs are divided into 21 divisions. The Castle of Tokio is enclosed in double walls and surrounded by a broad moat, but the Mikado lives in the new Palace. The Imperial Gardens, laid out in Japanese style, contain some rare and beautiful plants and trees, miniature ponds, cascades, and bridges, reminding one in places of the blue willow pattern plates. Tokio may be said to have a circumference of 24 miles, and to cover an area of 29 square miles—no mean city!

The main street, the Ginza, has some fine buildings and shops, many of them in the European style. It is exceptionally wide, with fine pavements, and trees planted along each side of the street. During shopping hours it is very animated. The Uyeno, or Public Gardens, are close by the Ginza, and here are held great industrial exhibitions.

One of the places to see is the Temple of Kwannon, at Asakusa, close by. This is raised about 20 feet from the ground, and a flight of steps leads up to the interior.

There are a chief altar and side chapels right and left. Near by is a fine old pagoda and one or two huge stone statues. There are in Tokio no fewer than 1276 temples, many of them grand examples of Far Eastern architecture. To the west of the Castle are several of the nobles' palaces, some of them fine buildings.

Owing to the great number of fires that in the past have taken place in Tokio there have been many changes in the styles of the buildings, the widths of the streets, and so on; and on each occasion, as it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, these changes have been for the better, great improvements having attended the work of reconstruction.

My visits to Tokio have been accompanied by only one untoward incident, and that was being thrown out of my 'rikisha turning a corner and colliding with another, both of our boys going too fast and being careless. Matsui was not with me. I had left him at Yokohama, or he would have looked after me better. Fortunately, a few bruises were the only uncomfortable result. Presence of mind is no doubt good in such a case, but absence of body better!

We are just now close on St Andrew's Day, and a gallant body of Scotchmen—the flourishing St Andrew's Society of

Yokohama—are, as usual, going to celebrate it with a dinner and dance. To the former I hope to go. I heard it suggested that "kilts" were a Scotchman's apology for indecent exposure. But this remark was made by an American, and he was not invited to the dinner!

My task is now all but ended. Having to cross to Vladivostock, Dalny, and Port Arthur for a time, and that time the dead of winter, I do not think I shall be able to write of many pleasant experiences, but I must tear myself away from this fascinating country and people, where I have seen so much that is quaint and novel, weird and beautiful. As with ourselves also at home, there is much that we should wish did not exist, but no one would ever regret a visit to Japan.

One thing to be borne in mind is that these great Far Eastern countries through which I have travelled contain one-third of the human race. This one-third is becoming more and more a party of progress, a party of power. Such a thought, when analysed, cannot but carry with it a great significance for the future of the balance of power amongst the human race.

A last word on an all-important subject, that of the religious life of Japan. Some 20 years ago Christianity began to make itself felt in Japan, but I have no hesita-

tion whatever in saying that Buddhism and Shintoism are not dead. I believe they have more vitality than they had fifty years ago. The struggle between Christianity and Buddhism is only beginning, and my own opinion, I give it for what it is worth—time will show—is that although, as I said, Christianity made progress 20 years ago, there has been a reaction during the last 10 years.

P.S.—As I "go to press," so to speak (although I am 12,000 miles away from it), I receive my "washerman-woman's" account as under:—

"Shirts unpolished.
Shirts corrugated.
Japanese clotins.
Waisstcoats.
Trowers.
Night thins.
Piamas.
Bond.
Shnt buruts.

All washing charges must be peilfor on delivery."

EPILOGUE.

After a somewhat perilous journey to Manchuria in a coasting steamer, on which during the trip fire broke out in the bunkers, and, at one time, there was a risk of our having to run ashore on a bleak Siberian coast-land, I put in some days there, and put up with a lot of discomfort, eventually crossing again to Japan, where the cosy comforts of the Club Hotel at Yokohama awaited me. An enforced term of idleness consequent on a sea voyage gives one time to think, and the more I think about and study the Japanese people, the more does the subject appear complex. There are so many points of view from which one may approach the subject. To the tourist bent on pleasure and a voyage of discovery in a new world, the people, the arts, the customs, and the scenery of Japan have a never-ending charm. From the point of view of the business men—European residents in Japan I refer to—it is different. The climate is not always all it might be. One is brought in contact with many crafty and insincere Japanese men, with whom business relations are

often very unsatisfactory, and in almost every case a European business man prefers to deal with a Chinaman, whose word is mostly his bond. In Japan, on the contrary, one hears of broken contracts, disappointments, and litigation. It is hard for the West sometimes to understand the East.

We must, in judging the Japanese, remember that they are an active, self-reliant, emotional race—men of like passions to ourselves, but brought up in a totally different atmosphere.

We, members of the great nations of the West, must not forget that we cannot longer expect to rule other nations as well as rule ourselves. We must sink our long-boasted superiority. We preach Christianity to other races and the freedom it carries in its train, and then are surprised beyond measure at the conceit of a nation that dares to treat us as equals.

Where in all the world could one see such a type as the Japanese peasant or the Japanese artisan in a country district but in Japan itself? I remember once hearing a story of a village carpenter who was sent for to repair some damage done to a house in Japan after an earthquake. The first day he came and saw what was wanted, the second day he came and deposited a ladder, the third day he came and put the ladder

against the house and ascended it, but found he had come without his tools, and on the fourth day he began the work! Japanese workmen are in some respects like their fellow-workmen elsewhere—too often conscious of their own value, but not always worth their own estimate. But when we came to compare the actual work done and the quality of it, there is not much fault to be found.

The Japanese, too, are a sober race. Sake is drunk in large quantities, but one seldom sees a drunken man and never a drunken woman. Opium is never used, but tobacco smoking is universal, both men and women smoking all day long through little pipes, so tiny indeed that they seem to take longer to fill than to smoke!

There are tremendous forces at work in Japan to-day which are working towards a great end. There are the native cleverness and extraordinary self-confidence. There are the highly cultured men of science and learning in every branch. Their great achievements in the past are great promise for the future.

We must not forget that the world is not the exclusive possession of the white man, where he can patronise or rule over a race that differs from him in colour.

As for the women, we have no "suffragettes" in Japan! She is the embodi-

ment of womanly womanliness, and her whole life centres round her hearth and home.

We have much to learn from the East, and the East has much to learn from us; and as I close these lines I sum up with these two thoughts that—"Who knows only England, does not England know," and "East, West; hame's best!"

THE PHILIPPINES UNDER THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

There is an old saying that there is no nation like the British as colonisers, and it is certain that more than one nation has found, to its cost, that they would have been much better off had they left some of their colonies severely alone—indeed, had never seen them. There are doubtless some of our own colonies that have not turned out to be all we anticipated; but, generally speaking, the British nation has proved itself the world's greatest explorer, civiliser, and colonist, developing the riches of the many various countries she has taken hold of; turning often idle and immoral tribes of natives into races full of activity and industry, and finding outlets for her sons in these often far-off lands.

I have recently had an opportunity of visiting two colonies, each belonging to a different nation, and each of these nations very different in character and temperament. It is therefore all the more interesting to see how they have each one handled the "proposition," as the Americans would say.

I refer to the comparatively new American colony of the Philippines and the more ancient colony of Saigon, in Annam, on the south coast of China. It was in May, 1898, that the first shot was fired in the great Spanish-American War, and from that time up to to-day the American nation has been struggling with the great problem of the proper treatment of the Philippinos, who have proved themselves from all time to be a race at once harsh and overbearing in their treatment of inferiors; cunning, suspicious, and vain; lazy, fond of gambling and all kinds of festivities.

During practically the whole time of the occupation of the Philippines by the Spaniards, which dates back to 1519, when Fernando de Megallanes (Magellan—after whom the Straits of that name are called) obtained the assistance of Charles I. of Spain to prepare a fleet of five ships to discover new islands in the southern oceans of the West (that is to say, the vessels sailed west from Spain round Cape Horn), there has been a constant succession of revolutions. The natives of Cebu, one of the southern and smaller islands of the group now known as the Philippines, were the first to own allegiance to Spain, and this part of the islands became the base of

operations for the conquest of all the archipelago.

Magellan died from an arrow wound, and was followed in the post, of what would now correspond to our Governor, by a great number of Spaniards, at least eight during the next 20 years.

At last a magnificent representative for Spain was found in the person of Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, who had definite orders to subject the whole islands to the crown of Spain. For eight years, until his death, Legaspi continued his task of the pacification of these islands and gaining the confidence of the natives. His death was a great loss both to Spain and to the Philippines. To the latter because by his death the natives lost a just and upright man, a fervent Christian, a noble gentleman, and one who had been to them a loving father, to whom they looked with the greatest of respect, admiration, and affection; to the former, who had in Legaspi a wise and clever statesman, disinterested, prudent, and faithful, whose entire efforts had been directed to extending the power of Castile, who had defended Christianity, protected commerce, and advanced the well-being and civilisation of these islands.

It was during the term of office of the next Governor that a Chinese pirate appeared in Manila Bay with sixty-two

ships and a numerous army, with the purpose of taking possession of the country with fire and sword; but he was overcome and put to flight by a handful of brave Spaniards.

It is curious to find that not long after this a similiar bloody combat took place against a Japanese pirate, of whom there were many infesting the seas, and he also was completely routed.

On to 1603 all the Spaniards in Manila did not exceed 800, and it was about this time that there arrived in Manila three Chinese mandarins of high degree with the futile pretext of wanting to ascertain if it was true that the city of Cavite was of solid gold, as was reported in their country; the real object was to take part in a plot for the assassination of the entire Spanish colony, which had been entered into by an enormous number of Chinese. The result was one of the most terrible scenes in the history of the Philippines. The plot was fortunately discovered by a native Philippino woman, and the Chinese left the city, burning buildings and killing everyone they encountered.

About 30 years afterwards—round about 1636—another outbreak of Chinese took place, who, to the number of about 50,000, with arms and artillery, committed all kinds of depredations for some months;

but the joint efforts of the Spaniards and natives were successful in repulsing them.

Previous to this second Chinese invasion an unsuccessful Dutch blockade of the islands took place, so it will be seen that for a very long period the Spaniards had a continuance of troubles to fight against which greatly delayed the internal development of the country and the more complete subjugation and pacification of the native tribes.

Some years later further struggles took place against the Dutch, who were in possession of the Islands of Java.

There came a period, about 1761, when affairs appeared to settle down, and this colony of Spain was progressing—indeed, in a flourishing condition. The patriotism of the early Spanish authorities, the upright administration, and the development of agriculture all gave promise that ere long Spain would have completed her work of civilisation. The commerce of the country was vast and lucrative, exchanging products with Borneo, Siam, China, Japan, and many other parts.

It will be recollected that about 1762 war was declared between England and Spain, and one day there appeared in the Bay of Manila an English fleet composed of thirteen large ships, with 7000 soldiers and sailors, with a demand for a complete

surrender of the whole of the Philippines, that they might be added to the vast domain of Great Britain. The British troops landed, and, with the assistance of some Chinese and some Spanish traitors, succeeded in capturing the city of Manila, but their triumph was not long-lived. Don Simon de Anda, inspired by the cause of his country, escaped from the city, and, aided by the priests and the remaining Spaniards, preached war against a common enemy to the natives, with the result that they stirred up a strong antipathy towards the invaders. Armies were soon raised and disciplined, and the British — now masters of the city of Manila—presently found themselves surrounded and besieged by the Spaniards and native soldiers, who harrassed them continuously. Thanks to the fidelity of the native population, which, wonderful to say, remained unbroken, the British were unable to make any headway, and it was well for them to abandon a country they were not only unable then to retain but where the feeling was so strong against them. The country was by this time somewhat in debt, but by about 1880 further great progress had been made, but owing to the idea of the natives that they should be exempt from taxation many small revolutions and risings took place up to 1827. By 1862 better discipline was

established throughout the islands; the finances were strengthened, steamers commenced to ply between the different islands, and the colony was put in more direct communication with Spain. Public works of all kinds were undertaken throughout the islands and the city of Manila was embellished.

The opening of the Suez Canal, of course, helped to increase the shipping exports for Europe.

For some time several uprisings of the natives of Jolo occurred, and were hard to suppress, and the country was further disturbed by several severe earthquakes—indeed, the whole formation of the Philippines is volcanic. The country was tranquil and making rapid progress when, in August, 1896, the native rebellion broke out, the result of the labours of the secret societies among the more ignorant Philippinos. Several of the provinces became the centres of the fanatical hordes who have filled with shame and sorrow the hearts of the large majority of the inhabitants of the Philippines, grateful as they were to Spain, the nation which bestowed upon them the benefits of civilisation.

This little sketch of the previous history of the Philippines, shortly put, is done to give some idea of what the country had

passed through previous to the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, which so changed the destiny of the islands. But I have no idea of giving an account of that war, but rather take up the threads towards the end of it.

At the time of the landing of American troops in the Philippines the Spanish forces were occupying all the best defensive positions round and in the city of Manila. The Americans found also that the so-called Philippino native army consisted of a bare-footed, miscellaneous, undisciplined, and undrilled body of men, armed with anything and everything, with about as much prospect of capturing Manila from the Spaniards as marching successfully on the City of London. These men were practically of no more assistance in the skirmishes around Manila and the capture of the city in August, 1898, than if they had not existed. The Americans did wisely, as was afterwards proved, in not allowing the Philippino troops to enter the city armed after its surrender by the Spaniards. Had they done so there would have been constant trouble in the city with such a disorganised mob roaming about.

The following remarks, taken from pencil jottings made by me during conversations with American officials who were all through the war, may be of interest as

showing how no sooner was the surrender of Manila by the Spaniards an accomplished fact than the troubles with the natives themselves began.

The Philippinos were disgusted at being kept out of what they considered their own city, now that the Spaniards had been got rid of, and they had been looking forward to a season of unlimited licence. The positions, therefore, that were taken up by the respective forces became reversed. The Americans occupied the best defences in and around the city of Manila, the Philippino troops taking up a line of entrenchments round about the city. For some time back, however, the native troops had been providing themselves with arms, etc., perfecting their organisation, and watching daily the drills of the American troops and copying their drill regulations. By the beginning of 1899 what had been a disorganised mob became a well-drilled and well-armed body of men, constantly increasing in size, and consequently becoming more aggressive and insistent in their demands. By this time a good deal of sickness had appeared among the American troops, and although outwardly the intercourse between the two peoples was friendly, yet a conflict between the two forces seemed unavoidable, and only a question of time. By February the Philip-

pino forces had increased to 20,000 men, whereas the American troops did not exceed 10,000. These native troops, with heads considerably swollen with imaginary importance, now made several attempts to march into the city in small armed bodies under various pretexts, such as hearing there was a "dog-fight" or "wishing to assist in keeping the peace." The American officers and men, by using great tact and patience, had succeeded so far in frustrating these attempts without recourse to force, but the relations were becoming daily more strained. The final troubles began by Philippino patrols trying, night after night, to cross the American lines after dark from one native blockhouse to another, and although the challenge "Halt!" rang out night after night, the patrols continued to advance. At last, on the night of February 4, 1899, when the challenge "Halt!" had been given for the third time, the American officer in charge gave the order to fire, which one of the sentries did, and brought down his man, who was a Philippino lieutenant. This was quickly followed by other shots from the American outposts and from the Philippino patrol, and almost instantly fire was opened all along the twenty-one-mile line of the Philippino troops into the American lines. Thus

began the final great struggle (God only knows if it will be the final struggle) which the Americans have had for the complete subjugation of the native races.

It may be interesting to consider shortly what is the geographical position of the Philippines, what the nature of the land and inland waters, what the general climatic conditions, what the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and from what origin the native Philippinos sprang. The Philippine Islands form part of Malasia, and they number something over 1200, including the smaller islands. This archipelago is bounded on the north and west by the China Sea, on the east by the Pacific Ocean, and on the south by the Celebes Sea. The size is greater than Great Britain, and about half the size of France.

These islands are exceedingly mountainous, the chief range being the Caraballos, which extend from north to south of Luzon for a distance of about 350 miles, and in some parts rise to several thousand feet elevation. Running down the course of these various mountain ranges are to be found five or six volcanoes, the most important being "Mayon," one of the most notable in the world, its elevation being 6000 feet, and it is about 30 miles in diameter at the base. It is most majestic and

imposing, and very often throws out great columns of smoke. It has a long history of disastrous and frightful eruptions, and has destroyed two towns. The last great eruption was less than ten years ago.

The islands are well watered, having numerous large navigable rivers and lakes, the largest river being the Rio Grande de Cagayan, which is over 400 miles long, and the largest lake the Laguna de Bay, over 200 miles in circumference. Both in the rivers and lakes crocodiles are to be found and are a constant source of danger. Throughout the islands there are innumerable ports, bays, and coves, many of them picturesque and beautiful. The Philippine archipelago being situated in the tropical zone, it has a high and uniform temperature registered by the thermometer throughout the year, and which is the principal cause of the idleness characteristic of the natives and also of the enervation felt there by Europeans. The coolest—if they can be called cool—months are December, January, and February; and the hottest from March to June, the rest of the year being wet and still warm. The atmospheric pressure in the entire archipelago is so steady that the barometer acts like a clock. The islands are in the line of the north-easterly and also the south-westerly monsoons and cyclones, and hurricanes are

frequent in the archipelago, their terrible force causing often great loss of life and property.

With regard to the animals to be found one may mention monkeys and bats, wild-cats, native dogs, rats, and hedgehogs, wild hogs, and deer. Of the larger animals the carabao, a water buffalo, is the most notable and useful animal in the country; its great strength and ability to withstand heat makes it especially well adapted for use in agriculture and for hauling heavy loads. Cattle, sheep, goats, and horses are plentiful, the latter, however, being very small.

The archipelago is full of birds of many varieties and of brilliant plumage, some of the parrots and parroquets being lovely. As to reptiles, there are crocodiles, snakes, lizards, and frogs in enormous quantities. There are plenty of fish, and as to insects, I know only too well the bite of the centipede and the mosquito to be able to say that they do exist in milliards.

It would be utterly impossible for me to give here anything like a complete detailed description of the variety and richness of the vegetable kingdom of the Philippines. I can but say that the magnificent vegetation with which nature has endowed the islands makes them perhaps the most beautiful country in the torrid zone. The

soil is most fertile, and abundant crops of rice, cocoa, coffee, tobacco, hemp, cotton, indigo, maize, wheat, etc., are grown; in the case of some of them two crops a year are produced. There is a large variety of very fine hard woods, most useful in cabinetmaking and building. Palms and cocoanut palms abound, also all kinds of ferns. As to fruits, of bananas alone there are 57 varieties, and mangoes, pineapples, guavas, oranges, and lemons flourish. Of table vegetables and of flowers there are many varieties.

With regard to the minerals of the country, the existence is known of, and in many of the products extensive workings exist on, deposits of coal, gold, copper, iron, lead, sulphur, petroleum, guano, salts, limestone, quartz, clay, and building stone.

The inhabitants of the archipelago are of heterogeneous origin and social habits. The civilised population consists of Europeans, Americans, Spanish-Philippinos, and Chinese. The savage and semi-savage races are the various mountain tribes, the principal being the Negritos, Italones, Buriks, Benguetanos, Apayaos, Manguianes, Guangas, Jabanos, Malays, Moros or Moors (these latter have no connection, however, with Morocco), Tagalos, Mindanaos, etc. Many of these tribes differ

greatly in both stature and the colour of the skin, and some have crisp, curly hair; others long and straight. Generally speaking, most of them have low foreheads, flat wide noses, oval faces, good teeth. Some of the races blacken their teeth; and as to the colour of the skin, it varies from light copper colour to almost jet black. The bow and arrow and the axe are still common weapons in the mountains. The women are less good-looking than the men, some of whom have fine eyes and teeth. The dress of the mountain native is scant, many going naked; but in the towns most educated natives dress in European style. Some of the tribes are cruel and bloodthirsty, and even go the length of making human sacrifices.

Slavery and polygamy still exist. The most intelligent and civilised race is the Tagalo, who are to be found round about Manila. There are an enormous number of Chinese settled in the islands, but nowadays they are perfectly peaceful, more so than the natives. Suffice it to say that the province of Manila alone has a population of half a million. This, then, is the country that America has the handling of. How are they doing it? Since the war they have spent several times as much money as was originally voted by the

American Government in setting their house in order. Other nations have been known, however, to do the same thing!

The Americans have to deal with a lot of rainbow-chasing Philippinos, who in and out of season are clamouring for immediate independence, but the class of educated native "politicos" who preach this doctrine have a habit of looking into an aurora of dreamy clouds. They promise that Independence would wave a magic wand and dinner pails would be filled; every day would be Sunday, with cock-fights and siestas; navies and armies would rise full-fledged from the earth; plenty and abundance would smile over the land; taxation would be reduced, and the exchequer would resemble the widow's cruse of oil and never need replenishing.

One mistake the Americans seem to have made almost from the very start. When Mr Taft was sent over from America as Governor he appeared anxious to keep the Philippinos for the Americans, and discouraged the introduction of European capital. "Keep off the grass" was his motto. Now, America itself is a great country, and the prosperity there during the last ten years has been phenomenal. The bulk of the inhabitants, recognising this, hesitated to pack up their baggage

and start off for a new colony with a troublesome history and an enervating climate. What inducement was there? The imagination of the American Government saw the American capitalists spreading over the fertile reaches of this fair land like a swarm of locusts. What happened? They did not come, and those European capitalists who did were dissatisfied with the laws and regulations, and folded their tents, like the Arabs, and silently stole away.

The archipelago should be thrown wide open; the resources of the islands are rich enough indeed. The auriferous deposits in Benguet have hardly been scratched. The coal beds in Cebu and other parts promise to be almost inexhaustible. Vast stretches of arable tenantless land are aching for cultivation. There is everywhere boundless promise. There is no doubt, too, that there should be free trade for the Philippines, or at least a greatly reduced tariff.

One of the greatest troubles in the Philippines has been the Tammany Hall species of politics that have been followed, and the constant change of officials, many of them "carpet-baggers." The posts open have been given as plums to reward men who had rendered service in party politics at election times in America. I travelled

with a judge—certainly an able young fellow and a talker, but not over 30. He was attached to the courts in Manila. So it is right through—army, navy, and civil administration. While lying in the harbour of Manila we had eight Philippino and four American Custom House officers on board; two of them sleeping on board. Why? The work did not necessitate it, but posts had to be found for these young men.

Strict justice at the hands of the American administration is required not only by the Philippino people but by Europeans. And through justice alone can real progress be won. You cannot establish a permanent peace without confidence.

At the present moment there would appear to be a most excellent man at the head of affairs in the person of Governor General Smith, who has been in power under a year, and is just getting into the swing of his work when one hears talk that in Washington the knife is being sharpened for the taking off of Smith's head. Why? Party expediency!

Since the start only one man has had a fair chance to run the Philippine machine, and that man was Taft. He was given a free hand and four hundred million gold dollars! Then he was taken away and promoted to the War Office in Washington!!

America appears to have much to learn about the government of far-away lands. They cannot be used as the dumping ground for political favourites. "Let well alone" and "Don't swop horses while crossing the stream" are two sayings that the American Government should take to heart in their administration of the beautiful Philippine Islands.

MATSUI AND TOMONO.

A JAPANESE IDYLL.

Matsui and his brother Tomono lived in a little wooden matchbox of a hut in the mountains surrounding the famous hot springs of Hakone, near by Kodzu, in Japan. From olden times the hot springs at Yumoto, Tonosawa, Miyanoshita, Dogashima, Sokokura, Kiga, and Ashinoyu had been called the seven hot springs in Hakone, but since Kowakidani, Yunohanasawa, Ubako, Gora, and Sengokuhara were opened, a few years ago, we have to count now twelve groups of hot springs altogether, Miyanoshita occupying the central position. Hotels and bath-houses are everywhere, especially the Fujiya Hotel, which is greatly in evidence, affording, as it does, the most up-to-date European accommodation. The whole district is ideal for summer sojourning, being situated at a height of 1200 feet above sea level.

In this ideal spot dwelt these two Japanese. Matsui, the elder by six years, was a thrifty, hard-working man, much respected in the district, but a man who

kept himself very much to himself,—not exactly "dour," as they say in Scotland, but with a quiet dignity about him that forbade any liberty of speech towards him on the part of strangers. Poor Tomono was the exact opposite to his brother, but it must be admitted at once that Tomono was a bit queer, and suffered at times from fits. He was easily led astray, as was seen at fete times, when the other youths of the district lured him into the sake shops and sent him reeling home to Matsui. Tomono was the cause of constant anxiety to his brother, and Matsui felt that the greatest duty of his life was to look after his half-witted brother. Years ago, on her death-bed, their poor mother had said to Matsui —"My son, I cannot die easy until you promise me that you will always look after Tomono." It was certainly true that Tomono had a habit of taking these fits and choosing most inadvisable places to drop down in. Years after the old mother's death, when Matsui had grown to full manhood, poor Tomono, although grown in stature, remained but a child in mind and intellect, and many a row did he get into in the district with the villagers, who were but too ready to egg him on to fresh deeds of mischief. Although Matsui got angry with him and oft times scolded him, he tempered anger with kind-

ness, for he had the heart of a woman, and really loved poor Tomono, who was all that was left to him of the home of his youth. Matsui fought many a fight for Tomono when he came across any villager making game of him.

The two lived absolutely alone, and, indeed, Matsui would hardly let his brother out of his sight, and had him to accompany him daily to his work, which was that of a carpenter. Poor Tomono was fairly biddable when in a good key, and at times would sit by the hour watching his brother handling the saw and plane. But the day arrived when trouble came to the little household, and it came in the shape of—woman! Matsui's heart had warmed to a dear little Japanese girl who lived near by, and was not only pretty but good. She was an amah with a family, and had remained in the service of the same people for some years, thereby giving proof, as Matsui thought, of her excellence of character and fittingness to become a good housewife. Matsui spoke to her as often as he got the chance, but he could not shake off poor Tomono try as he could, and, indeed, the brains of the lad seemed remarkably sharpened up now that sweet O Toyo had appeared on the scene. The boy was horribly jealous, and perceived that his elder brother's affection for him

was being alienated from him—and by a woman, too! Tomono would lie in wait, and often succeeded in intercepting a meeting between the two, and he would always prevent Matsui from walking O Toyo out o' nights. But one lucky, or unlucky, day Tomono had a fit, and chose for it just the moment that he was ascending a narrow wooden plank several feet off the ground. Poor Tomono sprained his right leg, and was in bed for weeks. These were great days for Matsui and O Toyo, and the love-making prospered greatly! Matsui felt that he had to make hay while the sun shone! He was now head over ears in love with O Toyo, but all the time a certain spasm of conscience seemed to shoot through his mind and heart as he remembered his mother's death-bed and her parting words to him never to forsake Tomono.

At last he summoned up courage to ask O Toyo to be his little wife and to come to the hut and join them. O Toyo, however, who was a very determined little woman, lost no time in making matters perfectly clear. Why! Tomono should be sent to an asylum. It would not be fair to have her put up with an idiot in the house. So soon as he had been sent away so soon would she go to Matsui, but not one day before! For weeks the noble

Matsui wrestled with himself, and at last his better conscience won the strife. He told O Toyo that they must part, as part with Tomono he could not.

Years passed. O Toyo, albeit she had plenty of suitors, did not marry, and with the two brothers affairs continued on the even tenor of their way; but one day, without a word of warning, Tomono fell down on the floor of their hut, and after writhing a bit lay perfectly still. He had died in a fit! Matsui was heartbroken. His only brother, his one blood relation, his life's companion was gone! Only now did he realise how much he had loved him. Life now seemed but a blank. Poor Tomono's funeral was very largely attended, but the people turned out in their numbers not so much for Tomono's sake as to show their respect for Matsui.

Matsui was now getting up along in years, and sometimes when alone in his hut as he thought of Tomono and how much he missed him, he would put his head in his hands and sob like a child. One day as tears ran down his cheeks the door of the hut opened and O Toyo saw him thus. Matsui was terribly annoyed at being caught, and complained of having a bad cold in his head, thus causing his eyes to water. All Matsui said was—"Were you at the burying?" "Yes," said O Toyo.

"How much he must have been respected," said Matsui; "I never saw so many people at a funeral in Kodzu before; but, ah! I do feel so lonesome without the lad now that he's gone."

"Matsui," said O Toyo, "if you will forgive me I'll come to you if you would like me to."

And as the lovers talked of Tomono the great waterfall of Shasui roared as the immense torrents of water fell on the rocks below, but to Matsui and O Toyo the noise was like sweet music, and never had the gods before comforted them both so much as at this time. Yes! they would descend to the temple and thank them!

LE PETIT DOCTEUR.

Can I ever forget him? A typical Frenchman of the "Petit Bourgeois" class—short of stature and always short of cash—about 45 years of age, a straggling beard with here and there silver hairs appearing. A little bald on the top, and what hair there was left was vigorously brushed straight forward on to the forehead. As the little doctor strutted up and down the deck of the French steamer on which I found myself making a trip from Shanghai, via Manila, to Saigon, in the French colony of Annam, in China, one could not but take notice of him. His air of "proprietorship" over all and sundry within sight at once pointed him out as a character. We had already been a few days at sea before I became what one might call "chatty" with the little doctor. For the first few days he had not been present at all the meals served, having been very busy in his "Grand Hospital," as he called it, with two sailors, one of whom had broken his leg during loading operations at Shanghai, while the other was suffering from a severe attack

of dysentery. The little doctor appeared to beam with satisfaction and swell with importance. But the time came when the little doctor had more leisure, and our casual acquaintance ripened into, I might say, friendship, and, certainly on my part at any rate, respect.

The day before arriving at Manila—an aggressively American place nowadays, by the way—the little doctor confided to me that there he expected to find waiting for him great news from home from his "chere femme." The actual nature of the news expected he did not then tell me, simply placing the forefinger of his right hand on the side of his nose, the meaning of which, rightly or wrongly, I took to be "Hush! not a word!"

We steamed into Manila just as the first bell rang for tiffin, and no sooner had we sat down to enjoy our meal, previous to landing, than the agents' launch ran alongside with not only the official ship's papers but the passengers' mail. These, by the favour of our excellent steward, were quickly sorted and handed round. Alas! I had none, so I had plenty of time to watch the eager faces of the others as they scanned the sheets containing, doubtless, some good, some bad news. But what is the matter with the little doctor? See, he is standing up and surely terribly excited!

He waves to me and calls out! I cannot hear or understand him! I shall go to him.

"Ah, monsieur! Splendide, splendide! All right, all right; everything beautiful. But now,—no more!"

"My dear sir," I said to the little doctor, "what on earth are you driving at, and what is the matter?"

"Ah, oui, certainement. Il faut vous expliquer, monsieur," said the little man, "my little vife—one more baby. This makes twelve; but, ah! alas! we hâve lost two, and our hearts are sore. But, le bon Dieu, he is good, and my dear vife vell, and I am ver' happy."

The little doctor looked round the saloon with the air of an emperor. But, ah! what was this other little letter he had not yet opened? He toyed with it lightly for an instant, then opened it.

"Sapristi! the leettle bill. Vell, gentlemens, I go not ashore to-day. Au contraire, I take my forty vinks."

And this was the last I saw of the little doctor.

FATHER M'NULTY.

A long, lean man, with white hair, clad in clerical black, wearing the three-cornered cap of a priest, was the man that was pointed out to me down in Manila as one of the characters of the place. He certainly had a most noticeable personality, and the first time I saw him, as he swung down the street, I noticed that whenever he passed a knot of children his fine, strong, handsome face would light up as he said, with a kindly smile—"Bless you, my children." One could not help but take a fancy to the man at once. The married women loved him because he was kind to the children and tried to keep the husbands and fathers out of the public-houses.

Why! Father M'Nulty had baptised, married, and buried fully a half of the people of the place!

But the time to see Father M'Nulty at his best was, if you were lucky enough to find him, when he was making a raid on a saloon or drinking shop. The man had a marvellous power, and alone and unarmed he would go to places that no other

"self-respecting" (a word oft misapplied) person would dare to enter. The night that Father M'Nulty raided Ah Ling's saloon will long be remembered. His chief object was to drive the men and women out of the back premises. He walked in that evening quite coolly and alone, but after trying to achieve his object without much success, he was suddenly knocked down by the saloon keeper. The news spread rapidly through the district, and an angry mob of friends of the faithful old priest clamoured for revenge. Many of them rushed out of the neighbouring saloons, and it would have gone hard with Ah Ling if the police had not arrived to protect him. As it was, he was heavily fined, and no doubt his business suffered for many a long day.

I was told that only on one other occasion had a saloon keeper dared to raise his hand to Father M'Nulty, and it is said that he was kept prisoner in his own saloon for several days, fearing violence if he went out on the street. Besides, he had to pay a fine of 500 dollars, and his business afterwards was practically ruined.

With three-score years and ten on his shoulders, which themselves seemed to refuse to stoop to time, he continues to fight sin in every form, making friends that he might help them, and collecting money to

help to build churches, schools, and hospitals.

The "making" of Father M'Nulty occurred away back in the 'eighties, and it occurred somewhat in this way. There had been some holiday fete on, and some Germans had come to loggerheads with a crusty old Scotchman who ran an eating-house. In trying to drive off the followers of the "mailed fist" the canny old Scot had for once lost his caution, and had drawn a revolver and shot a boy. A mob soon formed with the intention of lynching the poor man on the spot. Someone sent for Father M'Nulty, who arrived in time, and held back an angry throng of several hundred, possibly a thousand, persons until the police could effect a rescue.

As a raider his equal has never been seen. His appearance at the door of a saloon is sufficient to send the crowd scampering out of the back door. The most hardened husband hurries back to his wife and family so soon as he sees the father coming — indeed, many of the saloon keepers retain "peepers" to watch and be on the lookout for the arrival of the father. He requires no detectives with him. Father M'Nulty knows by sight, and even by name, several thousand people in his town, and a glance at the

faces of those who are drinking is sufficient to give him all the information he wants.

There are many stories told of Father M'Nulty and how in rare cases the hard-drinking fraternity have got the better of him. It was funny how "Shanghai" Swift satisfied his thirst and secured his revenge at the father's expense one Sunday morning. "Shanghai" was a hard drinker, and on this particular Sunday morning he awoke without a cent for a thirst-quencher, and he was dry as Sahara. He met one or two pals, as he called them, but not a drink could he raise out of the lot.

They jeered at him for a spendthrift who had not sense enough to keep, over Saturday night, sufficient to buy himself a glass of beer on Sunday. They left him and passed on into the saloon. "Shanghai" looked up and saw Father M'Nulty coming along.

"Good morning, father," said "Shanghai." "I thought that you might like to know that there are terrible goings-on down at the saloon at the corner. Men have been in there all morning, swearing and cursing, so that the people on their way to mass had to hear them."

"Thank you, 'Shanghai' Swift," said Father M'Nulty. "I will attend to it."

"Shanghai" followed him closely, saw

him push open the front door, and witnessed the hurried exit of the saloon keeper and his patrons through the back door. Father M'Nulty followed those who were fleeing, and "Shanghai" followed the father—as far as the bar. There stood five glasses full of beer, and untouched! He emptied them with the speed of a suction-pump, quenching thirst and revenge with the same gulps.

I believe the memory of Father M'Nulty will live for many a day. With me, it will live so long as life lasts.

SOCIETY AS I FOUND IT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

During my stay in Manila and Cebu I was fortunate enough to obtain, through introductions, invitations to informal gatherings at the homes of several prominent American residents. I had never been to Manila before, but some of the old-timers—Scotchmen and Englishmen—informed me that although the place was doubtless more go-ahead, more developed, and possibly more prosperous than a few years ago when under the Spanish regime, yet the place had changed in some respects in a manner that did not altogether meet with the approval of some of these old stagers. Such remarks as these were common—"Where, my friend, has all the fine old chivalry of the Spaniard gone?" "Life is now much too fast for us." "No manners here nowadays, my boy, no manners." But they all seemed to end up their grumbling with a consolatory remark something like this—"Well, we can always get a good cigar here anyway!" The place is certainly thoroughly up-to-date, so much so that one expects to find wait-

ing at the street corners—in place of 'rickishas, carriages, or mule-carts—the very latest in flying machines, and be wafted over the housetops from place to place. My stay was short, and crammed into a week the doings of a month; but then I had to "live up" to the style of the place. One or two experiences seem to stand out more prominently than others. I shall use only fictitious names, but I could never forget my evening spent—accompanied by a French officer who spoke wretched English — at the house of Mr and Mrs I-Doo-Yoo-All. The first trouble was when my friend apologised to the hostess for not coming in his "night-dress," as he had not got it on board his steamer. As, fortunately, some of the other gentlemen present were not in evening dress, Mrs I-Doo-Yoo-All, with a scarcely suppressed smile, remarked that it did not matter in the least, as Frenchmen always looked so charming "in anything"! Miss Killall and Mrs O. U. Lyar, however, giggled audibly, and this fairly set me off, and, to save the situation, our tactful hostess marched me off to be introduced to Miss Grace Strawberry Blonde, who, having never been in Europe, was particularly anxious to talk to any recent arrival from what she insisted in calling "the old Countree"! After a silly remark from

me that it was hot—she could have seen that for herself, as I was mopping myself vigorously, being overcome not only by my proximity to the Equator, but also from suppressed internal agitation — she asked me, shortly, if I had ever been to the top of St Paul's. On my answering in the negative, I could see at once that she had decided in her own mind that I was a fraud, and probably had never even been in England at all. Meantime Mrs Babbling Brooke, who had been telling a stout, bald-headed, and very deaf old gentleman in a loud voice (not the old gentleman's, but Mrs Babbling Brooke's voice) that in coming down a hill the other day—and she was a stoutish lady herself—she had been tumbled out of her pony cart, and by her own boy too, was asked by Mrs I-Doo-Yoo-All to play something, and if she would only favour them with a song it would be such a treat! Ye gods and little fishes, what was before us now? Only "Little drops of water" sung in a high falsetto from a body that looked as if in early youth it had been developed by the latest principles of the Sandow treatment.

I was now worked up to an extraordinary condition of nervousness, and sought relief by looking for my French friend. I discovered him talking to a Mrs

I. M. Young, who was trying to arrange a party of progressive whist. I was evidently looking pale from excitement, as Alphonse—his name was Alphonse—asked me in a most concerned manner if I was quite "wholesome."

I saw a young American youth watching me and round whose mouth appeared to play an "amused smile"—a ridiculous expression, and he took pity on me and my little French officer and ran us downstairs to the refreshment room, where we were introduced to two other young Americans, whose names were "Cocktail" and "Burgundy." The latter was known as a great breeder of dogs, and on our all joining in and discussing the merits of one breed as against another my little officer said that he liked dogs, in fact everything that was "beastly"!

O for a breath of cool, fresh air! Could I escape altogether from the house and do a bolt? No! I could not leave my little officer, so we dragged upstairs to the salon in time to hear a duet on the piano, with mandoline accompaniment, from Misses Little, Stout, and O'Lean. It certainly was beautifully played. Mrs I. M. Young, who had succeeded in getting up a party for progressive whist, called across the room to our hostess that we could have no greater treat than a song-duet from Mr

and Mrs Shortsight, at which suggestion our hostess jumped and promptly asked the couple mentioned not to deprive us of such a pleasure. It was in Italian: I could not tell you the name of the song, I know only that it sounded like a Melba-De Reaske style of piece, full of trills and so on, and the trying part of the thing was that they certainly did not belie their name. The husband was horribly shortsighted, and every now and again lost the place on the page and appeared to have got ahead of his wife a bit. I could see she was annoyed, as, being close to the piano, I heard her let drop such expressions as "Tiresome creature!" "My goodness!" "Not so fast," and so on.

My little officer and I had had enough of it by this, but luckily an adjournment was then made for supper—really an excellent meal, which we both thoroughly enjoyed, except perhaps a game pie, which my friend suggested to me on our way home "must have had something die within." The champagne was good, and the cigars excellent, and as we strolled home somewhat after midnight my little French officer declared that the world was not such a bad place after all.

THE FRENCH AS COLONISTS IN INDO-CHINA.

The French settlements in Indo-China are now beginning to reward the foresight and enterprise of the French Government. What one might call French Indo-China comprises Annam, Tonkin, Cochin-China, and Cambodge.

The chief towns in these districts are Saigon, Hanoi, Haiphong, and Pnom-penh. Perhaps this wonderful country may never be densely populated by white men, owing partly to the very trying climate and partly to the fact that the country is already so swarming with an extraordinary native population. It can, however, be exploited and developed to an unlimited extent in view of the fact that the natural riches of the country are vast. The mountainous regions of Tonkin and Annam contain all sorts of minerals. The article "par excellence," however, from these regions that spells richness to the country is rice. The statistics on the subject seem almost incredible, as two and three crops a year can be taken off the same ground.

One can also mention horns, skins, copra, gum, cotton, silk, and pepper.

These districts, under a French Protectorate, are administered by a Civil Governor-General, with a Representative Council. The population is something over two millions, of which over 3000 only are Europeans—almost all French. This excludes troops and marines, the number of which, of course, varies.

The climate is excessively hot, and necessitates most special care being taken of one's health. From the middle of October to the middle of April it is exceedingly rare for a single drop of rain to fall. Then, again, at other times of the year it will rain continuously, May being as a rule the most rainy month. During my stay in Saigon the thermometer registered 102½ degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.

Saigon, the capital, is about 50 miles up the river Dong-Nai from the sea. The river is wide, and navigable at certain states of the tide for vessels up to 8000 tons. It is an absolutely unique town of over 20,000 inhabitants—a veritable little Paris!

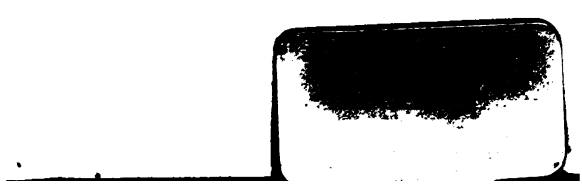
Some of the public buildings are magnificent. Such buildings as the Palace of the Governor - General, the Cathedral, the clubs, barracks, hospitals, Post Office, and various

public edifices show how carefully have been safeguarded the interests and the comforts of the various officials by a thoughtful Government. Not only is the architecture of the exteriors beautiful—one might almost say magnificent—but no expense has been spared on the internal decoration and comforts.

Walking along the lovely boulevards—alive, some of them, not only with vegetation as well as French life—one might readily imagine oneself in a good-sized French provincial town. What could be more exquisite than the Zoological Gardens, or the Town's Gardens. In the Place de l'Opera are placed several really Parisian hotels and cafes, where one can sit out of doors and listen to charming music. Almost every evening also there are military or naval bands performing in the public squares. The finest building in Saigon is, I think, the Opera House, which cost two million francs, and is subsidised by the French Government for six months in the year. In it one can hear the very best of grand opera.

Most Eastern towns have a certain similarity, but Saigon remains unique. It is essentially French. At present there are only six Britishers there—all in banks and insurance offices, one good Scotchman hailing from Peterhead. Business hours

in Saigon are somewhat peculiar—from 7 to 10 and from 2 to 4 afternoon. Five hours' work a day is indeed sufficient out there for the most enthusiastic worker. A quiet siesta from 11 to 2 is absolutely necessary. Hotel life is by no means cheap, but if one has one's own bungalow and servants, and I may say the Annamites are capital little fellows, one can live very cheaply. Fish, meat, vegetables, and fruit abound, and one can build and own a house most moderately. Commend me to the little Annamite ponies and small four-wheeled Victorias. With a pair one can rattle along at a good rate at a cost of 1s 6d per hour, and 9d for each extra hour. This includes driver's fee. The whole colony has an air of peace and contentment about it, combined also with every evidence of solid commercial prosperity. Life here for a Frenchman must spell satisfaction and success. The Frenchman, however, takes his pleasures as well as his troubles less sadly than a Britisher, and is more ready to look on the bright side of things. Notwithstanding what reverses the French may up to now have had in Cochin-China, every one of them one meets appears to be the personification of success —the big heart, the kindly hand, and the encouraging voice are there. These French colonists are not only hewers of wood and

drawers of water. They appear to live not only for gold but to make each other happy, and to touch, the one for the other, human chords with the magic fingers of sympathy. One hears it often said that the French are light and shallow, but here in China is a colony built up by Frenchmen, and built up to the point where success steps in. Sometimes I think Britishers look at life through the wrong end of the telescope. We follow our business, perhaps, with sometimes too single an eye to interest and with no eye at all to heart. We worship the machine, and give too little consideration to the man.

The whole colony reads us Britishers a lesson, and is undoubtedly one of the most successful and interesting places that I have visited in a trip extending over 30,000 miles.